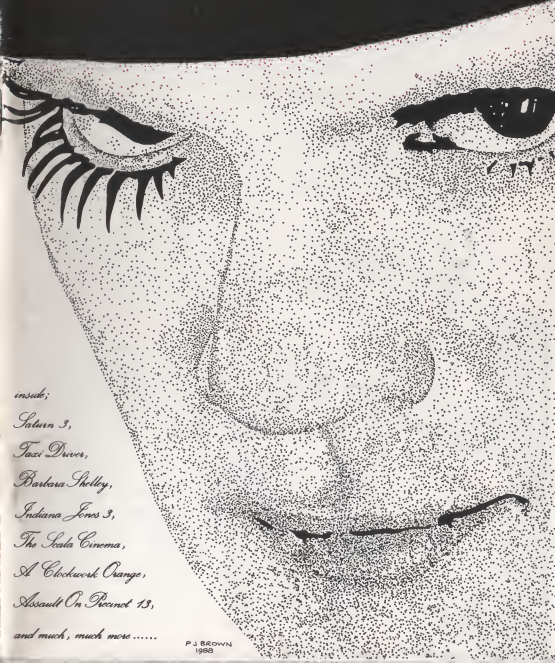


FANTASYNOPSIS

number one

£1.25



inside;
Saturn 3,
Taxi Driver,
Barbara Shelley,
Indiana Jones 3,
The Scala Cinema,
A Clockwork Orange,
Assault On Precinct 13,
and much, much more

P J BROWN
1968

C O N T E N T S

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in 'A CLOCKWORK ORANGE'.

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'A CLOCKWORK ORANGE'.

Back Cover.....BARBARA SHELLEY & E.T.

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C R E D I T S

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, ARTIST, WRITER
and LAYOUT - Paul J. Brown.

ASSISTANT EDITOR & WRITER - Mark A. Murton.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS - Stefan Kwiatkowski(SK), Nigel Burrell(NB), Stewart Wilks(SW), Michael Lancaster(ML), Henry Krinkle(HK), Gordon Welle(GW), Nick Cairns(NC).

CONTRIBUTING ARTIST - Barry John Wilson(BJ).

T H A N K Y O U

I would like to thank the following people for all their valuable time and assistance: Ruth Adams(RCA/Columbia Video), British Film Institute, David Paton(Forbidden Planet,Cambridge), Paul Wills(The Cromwell Cinema,Huntingdon), Dave at Comic Showcase,Cambridge, Barbara Shelley, Jilly Grafton(the editor's secretary at Weekend magazine), Eric Binford, Lawrence Elcock(What would I do without your cable!), June Powons, The Cambridge Evening News, Farrowell Printers Ltd,Huntingdon, all the other fanzine editors.



"YOU WON'T FIND THE
'A CLOCKWORK ORANGE'
ARTICLE UP THERE MY
BROTHER!
IT'S ON PAGE 16."

BE PREPARED

The next issue
will feature a
lot of.....

ZOMBIES!

Thanks for buying this first issue of FANTASYNOPSIS, which has taken months to put together and get off the ground (as any fansine editor will tell you!). I've been hooked on fantasy/horror/science fiction films for many years and have always wanted to put something back into the genre that has given me so much enjoyment.

All of this would not have been possible without the valuable assistance of some very helpful and dedicated friends, many of them I know only through the mail or telephone! My biggest thank-you goes to my wife, Louise, who has put up with my noisy typewriter - thanks babe for being there.

It was not until this issue was over two-thirds complete, that we started to notice a lot of connections between our four main film features - perhaps fate has thrown them together. See if you can spot them?

I will use this space to have a moan about a couple of things that have been bugging me - firstly, ITV recently screened 'Enter The Dragon' for the second time, on it's first showing it was uncut (and I forgot to tape it!). This time I waited with my finger poised on my record button, the film starts and I'm happy, it's taping nicely, the film reaches the scene with the munchaku....What's happening, it's not there!! The whole scene was missing, just like the current BBFC approved video. I was incredibly angry and very upset and tried to forget about the whole thing. I was nearly over it when the BBC screened 'Dreamscape', and to my surprise it was uncut (with a munchaku scene!) They then had a showing of 'The Tenant', which had Roman Polanski sitting in a cinema watching....'Enter The Dragon', with a screen close-up of the whole excised scene!!!!??? Onto my second moan, which concerns CIC Video, who recently released 'Frankenstein' and 'Bride Of Frankenstein'

as a double bill - great, I thought and I rush out to my local video-store to buy a copy. But to my dismay I found that 'Frankenstein' was not the newly restored print as screened by Channel 4 and that 'Bride...' has a running time of only sixty-five minutes!!!! C'mon you guys, if you're going to release the classics, as this cassette states that it's volume one, please let us have the full versions!

Right, I'm glad I got that out of my system. I hope I'm not making this editorial boring, if you want to read a really funny one, take a look at Rick Sullivan's 'Core Gazette' No. 95 - it's brilliant!

If you read my 'Assault On Precinct 13' article, you'll notice that I ask a question about Darwin Joston - if you read Paul Higson's 'Bleeder's Digest' No. 3, you'll find that he's already answered it, thanks Paul.

I really don't know when issue two will be out, but there will be one, so please be patient.

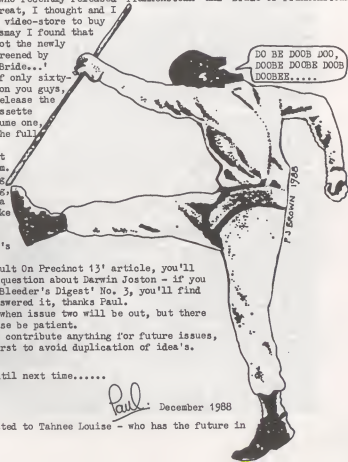
If you would like to contribute anything for future issues, please contact me first to avoid duplication of ideas.

Until next time.....

Paul

December 1988

This issue is dedicated to Tahnee Louise - who has the future in her tiny hands.



ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13

A SYNOPSIS

The opening scene shows a gang of multi-racial men getting gunned down by the police. We hear a radio broadcast telling us about the shooting and that some guns have gone missing, the dead men were members of a gang called Street Thunder.

Four young male gang members make a pact for the dead men, they each cut their own arms and drip the blood into a bowl.

A black policeman, Bishop, leaves his house on a fine sunny morning, to report for his first call of duty. He is sent to precinct 9 division 13, the Anderson precinct (Assault on Precinct 9 doesn't quite have the same ring! ED.). The station is closing down and being relocated. Bishop arrives and takes command. Three others are still working there, the desk sergeant and two women - one is hyper-cool, the other one panics.

The camera flashes back to the four gang members who have made the blood pact, they are armed and get into a big black car. They cruise along the streets, one of them focusing his gun sights on members of the public. The scene is now in a prison and three prisoners are being moved, one of them is going to death row for murder - his name is Napoleon Wilson - he is incredibly cool. One of the other prisoners is sick and keeps coughing. Back in Anderson, a man and his little girl are in the area to try and persuade the girl's grandmother to move out and live with them. He gets lost and stops at a phone booth to ask for directions, in the meantime an ice-cream truck has pulled up. The guys in the big black car have been watching the truck. The ice-cream man is getting very nervous and fingers a gun hidden in the glove box. The little girl asks the man for a cornet, he tells her that he's closed. The black car drives off, he relaxes and sells her an ice-cream. The girl walks away. The ice-cream man is then silently approached by the gang, they threaten and then strike him to the ground. The little girl realizes that she's been given the wrong flavour and goes back to the truck, only to be murdered in cold blood by one of the gang. The ice-cream man is also shot and killed.

The father of the girl is still on the phone. The black car moves off and the father sees his daughter lying on the path. He finds the gun in the truck and gives chase in his own car. The chase goes on into the night. They finally stop and shooting takes place, the father kills the murderer and runs like hell. He is followed. Sanctuary is found in the virtually closed down police station. By this time he is in a terrible state of shock and cannot speak.

Meanwhile back with the prisoners, who are on their transfer bus being escorted by armed guards, the sick prisoner is getting worse. The chief policeman on the bus decides to pull into the nearest precinct and call for a doctor. They arrive at the Anderson station, and after some discussion the prisoners are put in the holding cells.

Bishop tries to question the girls father, he says that he's being followed. They see no-one outside. The lights and telephone go dead. Chaney, the sergeant goes out to use his car radio and falls to the ground. Bishop goes out to help him and is shot at. He manages to get back in, the gunmen are using silencers.

The precinct is then blitzed by hundreds of silenced bullets. The escorting policemen and the sick prisoner are gunned down.

Three gang members approach the station with a flag and a bowl of blood which they smash on the step, they then walk off. They call it a 'chollo' (Is this the correct spelling? ED.) - it means that they don't care what they do.

The gang open fire once more and try to storm the precinct. Leigh, the cool lady, gets the two prisoners out of their cells and into the main room. Bishop has no choice but to arm them. They manage to hold the gang off and

kill a lot of them, even though their numbers had increased. Leigh is wounded and the other woman is killed.

It goes quiet again. The gang remove any evidence from outside, it looks completely normal. The surrounding houses could not hear gun shots only breaking glass. No help arrives.

Wells (who is the other prisoner), after losing a game of 'one potato-two potato', has to try and escape and get help before the next attack. He goes out through a sewer pipe and hot wires a car. He starts the car and tears away, but is shot through the head before he can phone the police. Two patrolmen are out looking for signs of a reported disturbance but find nothing.

Back in the station the others barricade themselves in, they go down to the basement - they are very low on bullets.

The building is stormed, Wilson holds them off until Bishop successfully shoots a pre-arranged target of magnesium flares surrounding an acetylene tank. There is a big explosion and the siege is over.

Help, as always, now arrives. Bishop looks at Wilson and says "It would be a privilege if you would walk outside with me.", to which he replies "I know it would." - cool as ever.

PJB.



ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13

A REVIEW

One warm summers night back in 1978, I can remember leaving my local flea-pit (The Regal, St Ives, Cambridgeshire) feeling awestruck - I had just seen a film that would leave a lasting impression on me, John Carpenter's second picture, 'Assault On Precinct 13', arguably his best film and radically different from his first, 'Dark Star'.

The film has great style and benefits from an excellent screenplay, skillful direction and a simple yet brilliant score, that leaves you humming it's main tune for days (Does anyone out there, know if a soundtrack album was produced? I know of a 7" single-letters to the ED.).

When first released in the U.S. it bombed - it was then shown as a late entrant at the 1977 London Film Festival and got tremendous feedback by both critics and audience alike. Because of this success it was re-released in America and became an underground hit. But overall the film has met with it's best response here in the U.K.

The basic story is really very similar to the good old cowboys 'n indians flicks in the John Wayne style. The cowboys are replaced by the cops/convicts and the street

gangs take the role of indians, even

the police station is

a stand-in for a fort - having said all that, you (the viewer)

will not be forced to make this comparison whilst watching, it's

only when you look back at a later date that this comparison hits you.

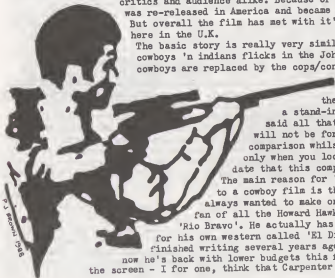
The main reason for 'Assault's' similarity to a cowboy film is that Carpenter has

always wanted to make one, he is also a big fan of all the Howard Hawks classics, especially

'Rio Bravo'. He actually has a completed script

for his own western called 'El Diablo', which he finished writing several years ago. Let's hope that

now he's back with lower budgets this film may make it to the screen - I for one, think that Carpenter could inject life



into the western genre - especially if Kurt Russell takes the leading role. Looking back at 'Assault' the parts that really stand out are (1) the ruthless murder of the little girl at the ice-cream van (incidentally, this scene was heavily cut when last shown on ITV!), (2) the first attack on the police station, with an incredible flurry of gunfire, who can forget the pile of papers on the desk that get neatly dispersed into the air by one stray bullet, (3) the series way that all the bodies and other evidence are carefully removed after each attack-really frightening but this all adds to the steadily building tension.



A.J. Brown N 1788

Through-out the story you tend to become very involved with the characters- the fact that Wilson is a condemned murderer does not stop you chsering him on!

Darwin Joston, who plays the aforementioned Wilson gives the best performance in the film. He is ultra-cool, tough and full of amusing wise-cracks. He has most of the best lines - "Got a smoke?" being his Make my Day catch-phrase. I would love to see Joston in a reprise of this role (or any other film come to think of it, the only other picture I can recall seeing him in is 'The Fog', again directed by Carpenter, he played a pathologist in this one-as usual, let the editor know if you know anything.), who knows 'Assault On Precinct 14, 15, 16.....'!! Hey!, what a great double act for 'El Diablo', Napoleon Wilson and Snake Plissken, they could be the next Butch & Sundance, how about it John?

Although the film isn't technically a fantasy - the strest gang do have an unearthly quality about them as they stalk through the night, evsn the guy that murders the little girl looks slightly undead (he also featured in another Carpenter classic, the very underrated 'Escape From New York', he played the character Romsro - the one with the filed teeth.)

Speaking of the undead reminds me that the film is also very similar to 'Night of the Living Dead'- right down to one of the heroes being black.

The 'lumbered' policeman, Bishop, is played by Austin Stoker, who is also very effective. He has a great line, one of the women is making him a cup of coffee and enquires "Black?", he replies "Yes, for almost thirty years!" Yes, the film does have a few amusing moments, but I do not agree with the advertising blurb on the newly released Palace video-cassette, I quote ".....hilariously funny."??!!

'Assault' has two main female characters, one being the 'typical' stereotype, is. goes to pieces in scary situations. The other is a refreshing change, Laurie Zimmer is superbly cast as Leigh. She has the sort of lines that only a 'he-man' type character would have in other movies, in fact, on a 'cool' chart, she rates as highly as Napoleon Wilson himself!

Bad points: firstly, the film is very dark and would have benifitted from some stronger lighting in certain scenes. Secondly, the ending reminds me of 'Jaws' - the last bullet being used to explode a gas canister. But what the heck, I'm just nit-picking, you cannot get away from the fact that 'Assault' is a first rate movie that defies it's low budget(apart from the lighting) and moves at a cracking pace. A must-see on anyones list. If you can't see it on the big screen, you must get it on vidso, it's available at the brilliant price of £9.99.

All together now, lets hum that main tune.....

RJB.

CAST & CREDITS

Austin Stoker(Bishop), Darwin Joston(Napoleon Wilson), Laurie Zimmer(Leigh), Martin West(Lawson), Tony Burton(Wells), Charles Cyphers(Starker), Nancy Loomis(Julia), Peter Bruni(Ice-Cream Man), John J Fox(Warden), Marc Ross



(Patrolman Tramer), Alan 7
 Koss (Patrolman Baxter),
 Henry Brandon (Chaney), Kim
 Richards (Kathy), Frank
 Doubleday (White Warlord),
 Gilbert De La Pena (Chicano
 Warlord), Peter Frankland
 (Caudell), Al Nakachi
 (Oriental Warlord), James
 Johnson (Black Warlord),
 Gilman Rankin (Bus Driver),
 Cliff Battuello (First Guard),
 Horace Johnson (Second Guard),
 Valentine Villareal (Chicano
 Tough), Kenny Miyamoto
 (Oriental Tough), Jerry
 Viramontes (Chicano Hood),
 Len Whitaker (Black Hood),
 Chris Young (Gang Member),
 Randy Moore (Gang Member),
 Warren Bradley III (Gang
 Member), Joe Woo Jr (Gang
 Member), William Taylor
 (Gang Member), Brent Keast
 (Radio Announcer), Maynard
 Smith (Police Commissioner).

Directed and Written by John Carpenter; Producer-J S Kaplan; Executive
 Producer-Joseph Kaufman; Music-John Carpenter; Assistant Director-James
 Nichols; Production Manager-John Syrjamaki; Director of Photography-Douglas
 Knapp; Film Editor-John T Chance; Assistant Cameramen-William Waldman, Douglas
 Olivares; Gaffer-Jack English; Best Boys-William Marneck, Michael Everett;
 Key Grip-Kurt Young; Grip/Driver-Trippy Gafford; Sound Recordist-William
 Cooper; Boom Man-Alan Cassidy; Make-Up-Don Bledsoe; Special Effects-Richard
 Albain Jr; Still Photographer-Rena Small; Payroll-Maxine Syrjamaki; Assistant
 Producer-Steve Fine; Script Supervisor/Assistant Editor-Debra Hill; Wardrobe
 Mistress-Louise Kyes; Property Master-Craig Stearns; Second Assistant Editor-
 Curt Schulkey; Production Assistants-Marla Miller, Blake Schaefer, Randy Moore,
 Jocelyne Stoikovitch, Tom Hansen; Rerecordist-Bill Varney; Post Production
 Supervisor-James Nichols; Sound Effects-Tommy Wallace; Set Construction-Get
 Set Inc.; Set Painter-Richard Girod; Stunt Drivers-John Roy Rogers, Ruben
 Joe Melendez; Titles & Optical-MGM.
 THE CKK CORPORATION. 1976

Running Time: 91 mins.

SATURN 3

A SYNOPSIS

A huge spaceship glides in towards Saturn. Inside, a smaller ship is being
 prepared, to be piloted by Captain James, but James is murdered by the
 "potentially unstable" Benson, who takes the place of the Captain. He takes
 off and heads towards one of Saturn's moons.
 The ship lands on Saturn 3 Experimental Food Research Station and the
 Captain is greeted by Major Adam and Alex - who have been the only
 inhabitants on the station for the past three years. Alex (the woman) has
 never been on Earth.
 The ship is unloaded, the Captain (Benson) carries in a large cylinder,
 "The Earth is hungry - you need help" he says.
 There is an eclipse and they are isolated for twenty-two days. The Captain
 asks Alex if he could use her body, she refuses - he says that on Earth it's
 very unsocial to be limited to one man. Alex finds him 'strange', but she's
 envious - because he's breathed real air.
 The Captain announces that he has a robot with him (which he has to assemble)
 - the first of the Demi-God series. He reveals the contents of the cylinder -

pure unprogrammed brain tissue. He also says that one of them will become obsolete. Adam and Alex are worried about being split-up. The Captain is lusting after Alex and asks to use her body several times.

The robot is assembled and comes to 'life'. The Captain links his unstable brain to that of the robot's via a direct input hole in the back of his neck. The robot, Hector, now has the Captain's thoughts. They both watch Alex.

Whilst working in the lab a 'live chip' jumps into Alex's eye - the robot removes it with precision accuracy.

Hector refuses to communicate verbally with the Captain, he displays words on a monitor.

The robot attacks Alex when she discovers that he has killed her dog.

The Captain can't control Hector and he too is attacked. Adam saves them both and traps Hector in the lab. The robot runs low on power and attempts to re-charge himself. Adam overloads the system and orders the Captain to dismantle Hector.

Hector lies in pieces on the floor - but he can still function and orders some industrial robots to re-assemble him.

The Captain tries to leave and take the girl with him. A fight breaks out with him and the Major. After the scuffle the Captain chases after the fleeing Alex - but is confronted by Hector, who neatly slices off his hand. The massive robot walks off dragging behind him the body of the Captain.

Adam and Alex try to escape from the stalking robot, who explodes the Captain's ship to stop them from leaving. They

lock themselves in the control room and are surprised to see the Captain's image beckoning them. They go to him, but find Hector wearing his mutilated face! The robot now has command and Adam awakes one morning to find an input link in his neck.

The eclipse comes to an end and a survey ship approaches Saturn 3, asking if everything is o.k. Hector imitates the couples voices - the ship departs.

Adam and Alex are instructed, by Hector, to start work - Adam checks the girl's neck, he is relieved to find no input hole.

The robot attempts to link his brain to the Major's. Adam quickly attaches an explosive device to Hector, forces him over and blows the two of them to pieces.

Alex is alone, but safe - she goes to Earth.

PJB.

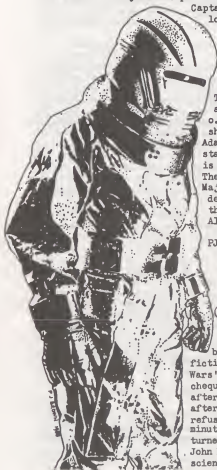
S A T U R N 3

A REVIEW

(SATURN 3 , LORD GRADE 0)

Upon it's release in 1980, 'Saturn 3' quickly became one of the most reviled of all the science fiction films that followed in the wake of 'Star Wars' and 'Alien', and yet, considering the projects chequered history - the original director leaving after only a few weeks filming, one star signed after a chance meeting on an aeroplane, another refusing to do their own post-syncing, and last minute cuts and changes - it's surprising that it turned out as well as it did.

John Barry first discussed his idea for a 'little science fiction film' with Stanley Donen when they



were working on 'Lucky Lady' in 1975. Encouraged by Donen's response, he continued to develop the idea while working on that other little science fiction film, 'Star Wars', and at this time was still planning to direct from his own script, with Donen producing. When the story was finished, however, Donen convinced him that novelist Martin Amis should be assigned the task of producing a final draft screenplay. Then in 1978, while filming 'Movie, Movie' for Lord Lew Grade, Donen presented the idea to him. Lord Grade was sufficiently impressed to agree backing for the project, and finding himself sitting opposite Farrah Fawcett on the flight back to England, he showed her the story outline and offered her the role of Alex; according to legend, the contract was signed before the plane touched down! With Lord Grade's backing and one major star already signed, the film now became a big bucks project, and pre-production work continued throughout 1978, ready for shooting to begin in early 1979. Meanwhile, Lord Grade's original choices to star opposite Farrah, Sean Connery and Michael Caine, declined, not wishing to pay British taxes, so the roles of Adam and Benson/Captain James went to Kirk Douglas and Harvey Keitel respectively.

Based on the production designs of Stuart Craig, the mammoth sets of the Titan Base took up both of the huge 'A' and 'B' sound stages at Shepperton, covering the full combined area of 280 feet by 120 feet, while 'C' stage accommodated the sets for the interior of the ship that takes Alex to earth, the central concourse, the launch hanger and the locker room where the real Capt. James is dispatched. Construction manager Ken Patterden and his 79-strong team spent ten weeks constructing Titan before filming could begin,

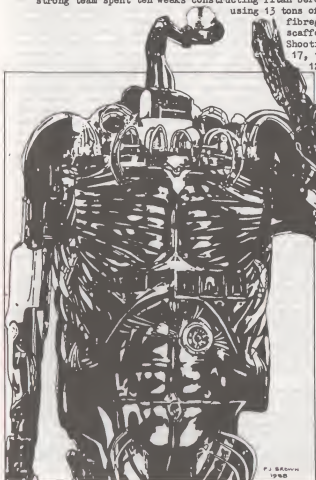
using 13 tons of resin, $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of fibreglass and 60,000 feet of scaffolding in the process.

Shooting finally began on January 17, 1979 and was scheduled for 12 weeks. But within a month

John Barry had resigned as director, citing 'creative differences' between himself and Donen as the reason.

Filming continued with Donen as director for another four months, finally finishing in it's it's twenty-first week with cruel irony, it was about this time that Barry, who had gone on to work on 'The Empire Strikes Back', was suddenly taken ill, and died

on June 1, aged 43 - a sad loss not only to those who knew him, but to all of us who marvelled at his production designs for films like 'A Clockwork Orange', 'Star Wars' (for which he received a much-deserved Oscar) and 'Superman'. On-going script revisions and problems with the films other 'big' star Hector the robot (all 7 feet 6 inches of him) pushed the final budget total over the 10 million dollar mark. The problems continued between the end of filming and the release of the film, when much publicised scenes



F. J. S. 1988

disappeared; most notably the 'blue dreamers' dream sequences where Adam and Alex dream of Adam murdering the 'captain' and the 'captain' dreams of Alex in her sexy space outfit. Stills of Adam murdering the 'captain' appeared in several magazines, even accompanying the review in 'Starburst' (issue 23), while pictures of Alex in her kinky costume appeared....everywhere; and were even going to form the basis for the original poster design before the scene was dropped - 'It just didn't work in the film', Donen told 'Prevue' (issue 41) - which must have pleased Farrah, if not her fans, as she appears distinctly pissed-off in most of the photographs available of her in said costume (look again, it's a grimace, not a smile!). For other changes, perhaps the Sphere book-of-the-film, adapted by Steve Gallagher from an early draft of Amis's script, can help as it contains several scenes not in the final version of the film; these include Adam taking Hector with him when he goes collecting rock samples (in the film he goes alone, he tampers with the wiring (obviously priming it to explode later); when Alex hears Sally's (the dog) death yelp, she runs to the lab to find Hector proffering the two pieces of the dog's body to her as a gift (rather than just glimpsing the bloody remains on the floor); Sally's remains feature again later when, after he has been trapped in the lab, Hector presses the parts of the corpse to the door sensor to try to open it (the doors are touch sensitive in the book); and before Adam can get back into the base to aid in trapping Hector in the lab, he has to use explosives to blow open the door as Hector has trapped him outside; after cutting off the 'captain's' hand, Hector drags his body to the lab and proceeds to 'dismantle' him just as he had dismantled Hector earlier while repeating the 'captain's' dialogue verbatim, in his voice, from that earlier scene (this scene was filmed but later dropped, possibly to tone down the gore content or maybe to retain the shock of Adam and Alex finding Hector wearing the 'captain's' head after hearing his voice calling them; the finale is radically different to the film, whereas the film just peters out after Adam sacrifices himself to destroy Hector, in the book Alex first gathers together as many parts of Hector as she can to satisfy herself that he really has gone, but then finds one of the labs cameras 'watching' her. Connecting up one of the VDU screens, she finds herself conversing with the 'spirit' of Adam, assimilated into the circuitry of Titan base via his direct input implant with Hector, who informs her that he has sent a message to the survey team to come and rescue her, and concludes by telling her 'I LOVED YOU....WE ALL DID'. She isn't convinced that it really was Adam, suspecting a final cruel trick by Hector, but finally accepts it when the rescuers arrive - certainly a far more poignant ending than the one seen in the film. Other more general differences include scenes in a (slightly) different order and more interesting and imaginative dialogue, referring to life on future earth (400 years from today. Ed) and hinting at things like selective breeding ('I'm sure you'll qualify, make the grades easily', the 'captain' tells Alex when he asks her if she wants children, 'But not with him as sponsor'). Interestingly, the 'blue dreamers' sequences are not in the book.



P. J. Brown '86

How last minute any of these changes were is hard to say, but the American press-book does give a running time of 95 minutes and an 'R' rating (under 17's to be accompanied by an adult) whereas it was actually released there and in the U.K. in the 87 minute 'A' (now 'PG') form. The films release was backed by a massive publicity campaign, especially in America - including four page colour adverts in 'People' and 'Playboy'(!), free giveaways at cinemas and T.V. advertising - while also being released in

70mm and Dolby stereo 'in selected theatres'. Consequently, expectations were high: "If 'Alien' was the 'shock movie' of 1979, audiences had better prepare themselves for an even greater assault on their senses and nerves in 1980 with 'Saturn 3'", declared 'Film Review' just prior to release. But when the film failed to live up to these grand claims, some of the criticism was merciless: "...laughable script..." (Derek Elley, 'Films and Filming' May 1980), "...the script is that of a real turkey" (David Castell, 'Films Illustrated' May/June 1980); with the most vitriolic comments coming from Neil Norman in the 'N.M.E.': "...inept soi-fi...", "...plagiaristic script...", "...lead direction...", concluding that 'the ensuing exercise kept me awake for whole minutes at a time'. Mike Munn ('Photoplay' June 1980) was a little more reasonable: "Rating - Exciting space-age love story"; as were the genre magazines: 'For all it's flaws... 'Saturn 3' is something of a major achievement' (John Brosnan in his 'Starburst' review), "...visually enchanting... an enjoyable look into the future for science fiction and horror fans" (Blake Mitchell and James Ferguson in 'Fantastico Films' issue 16 (U.K. No. 7. Ed) and Forrest J. Ackerman of 'Famous Monsters' said '...I liked it a lot and certainly recommend you see it' (issue 164).

The first major criticism of 'Saturn 3' was one of eclecticism, with comparisons being drawn between it and such films as 'Alien', 'Demon Seed', 'Star Wars', 'Silent Running', 'Forbidden Planet' and 'King Kong', and while it's true that the opening shot is a direct steal from 'Star Wars' (what SF film made after 1977 didn't borrow from 'Star Wars'?) the link between 'Saturn 3' and some of the others is tenuous to say the least.

However, the most vehement criticism was reserved for the, admittedly lacklustre, performances: "...whenever anyone opens their mouth the effect immediately crumbles into a million lifeless fragments" (Derek Elley), "...and most of the flaws involve the cast..." (John Brosnan), and back to Neil Norman again: "... (a) unique cinematic concept of casting a human as the robot and robots in the roles of humans! And while it's true that the people are the weak link it's too easy to simply blame the acting, when it is the characters they play that are so uninvolved, leaving little room for a sympathetic performance - a film like 'Alien' exploited the ordinaryness of the people, using top actors and actresses to give deliberately low-key performances, taking a back seat to the sets and effects, but with enough characterisation to keep the viewer interested in their fate.

Of the three (human) stars in 'Saturn 3', it is Farrah who tries hardest, doing her best with some fairly forgettable dialogue, looking scared and raising a scream when in the clutches of Hector - 'Easy', she said, 'I was' - and even baring her breasts in one scene. On the other hand, Kirk Douglas, possibly overwhelmed by this mammary revelation, gives a total non-performance (totally nude in one scene) which he'd probably rather forget (viewers soon did). While the always fully-clothed Harvey Keitel, normally a powerful actor with real screen presence, gives what must be the weakest showing of his career so far, totally failing to inject the required air of menace into the role of the increasingly psychotic 'captain'; and perhaps he realised this as he refused to do his own post-synchronisation, preferring to go off to Scotland to film 'Deathwatch', leaving Roy Dotrice the unenviable task of delivering for him such lines as 'No taction contact' (to Alex when she touches Hector's braincase); a policy later reciprocated by Alex when the 'captain' wants to 'use' her body, and finally one adopted by the general public when the film was released.

So it's Farrah, fighting back after her first two post-'Charlie's Angels' films had flopped and in the throes of a very public divorce, who comes out best (not difficult), with John Brosnan admitting that she was 'better than I expected her to be', and this despite the fact that these were the days, pre-'Burning Bed', 'Extremities', etc., when she was still regarded as Farrah the body rather than Farrah the actress.

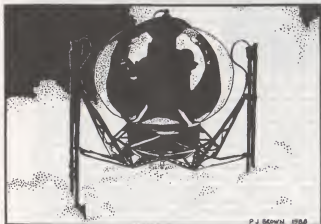
One final flaw was that the producers couldn't seem to decide whether they wanted to appeal to the 'Star Wars' audience or the 'Alien' one, and in trying to appeal to both - the graphic disintegration of the real Captain James, Hector wearing the 'captain's' head and the nudity, then cutting for an 'A' certificate - they fell between two stools, appealing to neither in sufficient numbers.

It wasn't always doom and gloom though, on the plus side were the magnificent sets (as always, best seen on the big screen), Anthony Mendleson's various

costume designs (especially the 'captain's' spacesuit), good sound effects and music (if a little obtrusive at times) and, of course, Hector, the first of the Demi-God series, to give him his full title (although Forrest J. Ackerman preferred to call him a 'monolith of malignant metal'), who is impressive on any size screen (and, for me, remains one of the finest of all screen robots); it's just a pity that the finished film didn't display the same imagination and invention all round - whether it would have if John Barry had retained control throughout (or even if Donen had directed from the start) is something we can only guess at.

As time passed, however, opinions were revised; writing about the 18 minute 8mm version in 'Starburst' (issue 41), Michael Munn declared '...it never ceases to amaze me how editing down a feature film into digest form can turn a mediocre film into an entertaining short. Such is the case with 'Saturn

3'....', and he concluded that 'it's a film that should have a niche in every sf movie collectors home cinema'. The video release, too, was greeted with generally favourable reviews, and Channel 5 Video thought it had enough appeal to warrant release in their £9.99 budget range. So, in conclusion, 'Saturn 3' may not be a classic, but it is a worthy entry into the genre and one that repays repeat viewing, certainly far more than other similar films of the period, like 'The Black Hole' and the ponderous 'Star Trek - The (slow)



Motion Picture'. And at £9.99 it is, to paraphrase Michael Munn, a film that deserves a place in every science fiction movie collectors home video collection.

MAM.

Editor's note; Way back in 1981, I actually saw Hector in the 'flesh' (along with one of the spacesuits) at the now sadly defunct Palladium Cellars in London. I wonder what happened to him? If anyone out there knows, drop me a line.

CAST & CREDITS

Kirk Douglas(Adam), Farrah Fawcett(Alex), Harvey Keitel(Benson), Douglas Lambert(Captain James), Ed Bishop(Harding), Christopher Muncke(Second Crewman), Hector, The First of the Demi-God Series(Robot), Kerry-a five year old Cairn terrier(Sally, the dog).

Directed and Produced by Stanley Donen; Executive Producer-Martin Starger; Associate Producer-Eric Rattray; Music-Elmer Bernstein; Screenplay-Martin Amis; Story-John Barry; Director of Photography-Billy Williams; Production Designer-Stuart Craig; Editor-Richard Marden; Additional Photography-Bob Paynter; Art Director-Norman Dorne; 2nd Unit Director-Eric Rattray; Optical Effects-Roy Field,Wally Veevers,Peter Parks; Special Effects-Colin Chilvers; Camera Operators-David Harcourt,Chic Anstiss,Harry Gillam; Production Manager-Terry Clegg; Assistant Directors-Roger Simons,Gareth Tandy,Peter Cotton,Michael Murray,Terry Madden,Andrew Warren,Nicholas Daubeny; Continuity-Penny Daniels; Set Decorator-Alan Cassie; Focus-Ted Deason; Matte Technician-Dennis Bartlett; Property Master-George Ball; Construction Manager-Ken Pattenden; Space Equipment Advisor-Gavin Boquet; Dubbing Editor-Nicholas Stevenson; Sound Editors-John Poyner,Tony Message; Music Editor-Michael Clifford; Assistant Film Editor-Roy Birchley; Assistant Editors-Campbell Askew,Roy Benson,Bob Gavin, John Preston,Mark Gill; Dubbing Mixer-Gerry Humphreys; Assistant Dubbing Mixer-

Robin Donoghue; Music Mixer-Kieth Grant; Sound Mixer-Derek Ball; Boom Operator-Ken Nightingall; Music Performed by The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Orchestrations by Christopher Palmer; Chief Make-up-Ann Brodie; Assistant Make-up-Pauline Heys; Miss Fawcett's Make-up Design-Leonard Engelmann; Chief Hairdresser-Stephanie Kaye; Assistant Hairdresser-Jeanette Freeman; Miss Fawcett's Hair Design-Garren; Costume Designer-Anthony Mendelson; Jewellery-Judith Van Amringe; Publicist-Doreen Landry; Stills Photographer-Keith Hamshire; Production Accountant-Sid Barnsby; Production Assistant-Loretta Ordewer; Wardrobe Master-John Hilling; Wardrobe Mistress-Dorothy Edwards; Electrical Caffer-George Cole; Special Effects Assistants-Roy Spencer, Terry Schubert, Jeff Luff, Jonathan Williams, Michael Dunleavy, Joe Fitt, Peter Hutchinson, Chris Corbould; Electronic Sound Effects-Roger Lamb; Model Unit Camera Operator-John Morgan; Focus-Jonathan Taylor, Vic Fuller; Stunt Arranger-Roy Scamell; Video Systems by Zoom Television Ltd; Natural History Video Plates-Oxford Scientific Films; Computer Graphics Designs-System Simulations Ltd; Production Test Equipment Supplied by Stanhope/Seta Ltd; Optical Effects by Cinema Research Corp; Associated Film Distribution, Lord Grade in association with Elliott Kastner. TRANSCONTINENTAL FILM PRODUCTIONS. 1980 Running Time: 87 mins.

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CLOCKWORK ORANGE

A SYNOPSIS IN NADSAT-SPEAK

We are in Britain in the future, it is an extremely ultra violent society. The raskaz that unfolds is that of Alex and his tree droogs, Dim, Georgie and Pete. They all dress the same, wearing white platties, black shlapa's and yarble protectors. They plan out their events in the Korova Milk Bar drinking the moloko plus.

Whilst out patrolling the streets we viddy them tolchock a pyahnitsa ded. They leave there and come across another shaika who are giving the old in-out in-out to a molody devotchka. There is a bolshy bitva and the droogs win.

They decide to play hogs of the road in their vehicle. They put on masks with long noses and pay a surprise visit on Mr and Mrs Alexander. The moodge is brutally tolchocked, Alex warbles "Singin' In The Rain". They then force him to smot as they give the old in-out in-out to his sheena.

Alex relaxes at the end of the day by slooshing to his beloved Ludwig Van Beethoven in his room at his pee and em's domy.

The next day Alex skips skolliwoll complaining of a pain in the gulliver. He is visited by the truant officer, who tells him that he'll end up in the staja if he isn't careful.

Alex ittles to a record shop (Note: one of the records on display is by a group called Heaven 17) where he govoreets to dva molody devotchka's. He takes them to his domy and lubbilubb's to both of them.

He leaves his room and goes to the basement where his droogies are waiting. They are razdras with Alex because he tolchocked Dim the previous night. They decide to itty for a gooly and Alex tolchocks all of them to show his authority.

The droogs have a plan to pay a surprise visit on a wealthy baboochka who keeps koshkas. Alex tolchocks her with a huge sculpture of a pan-handle and she dies. When the rozz are heard, Alex makes a dash for the front door, only to be tolchocked by Dim with a bottle of moloko.

Alex is arrested and given a heavy sentence in the staja. He settles in and decides that dooby behaviour will shorten his term.

The Minister for the Interior visits the staja to smot for a suitable candidate for the Ludovico Treatment, a treatment that repels criminal actions. Alex volunteers and is taken away.

He is strapped into a chair with his glazses clamped open. The doctors give him an injection. They then force him to viddy films of ultra violence on a sinny screen, during this they drop liquid into his glazses. At first Alex thinks that these films are really horrorshow and can't pony why they have to strap him in. After a while he starts to feel uneasy in his guttinuts and wants to be bolnoy.

But the biggest razdras for Alex comes when they play his beloved Beethoven to accompany the ultra violent films.

After dva weeks the doctors test Alex in ultra violent situations. He can't do anything but feel bolnoy. The treatment is pronounced a success and he is released.

He returns to his pee and em's domy, only to find that they have let his room to another chelloveck.

He gooly's the streets. The ded that he tolchocked at the beginning of the raskaz recognizes him and with some droogs, tolchock Alex. Rozz arrive and crack the gruppa. They cart Alex off into the country. Alex can't believe his glazses, the rozz are his old droogs Dim and Georgie. They tolchock Alex baddiwdadly and leave him. He is in a oozhassny state. He goes to a nearby domy for help. The domy belongs to Mr Alexander who is now crippled. He lives there with an assistant-his zheena didn't survive the tolchock. Fortunately for Alex, Mr Alexander viddies him only as the much publicized victim of the Ludovico Treatment, and wants to use him to embarrass the government.

Alex relaxes in a bath and starts to warble "Singin' in the Rain", Mr Alexander now recognizes the goloss and goes bezoomny. He locks Alex in his room

and plays Beethoven incredibly gromky. Alex is spoozy and trys to oobivat himself. He jumps out of the upstairs okno and falls to the ground. Alex survives the fall and is now in hospital. His pee and em are sorry and want him home again. The gazetta's have the raakass and public outcry causes the Minister to viddy Alex once again, who then arranges for the treatment to be reversed. Alex feels really horrorshow once more!

PJB.



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

A REVIEW

Based upon Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, Stanley Kubrick's 1971 film of 'A Clockwork Orange' - 'Being the story of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven' as the advertising slogan went - is a biting political satire which caused a storm of controversy when released that still hasn't fully abated to this day. No doubt this is at least partially due to the fact that the film hasn't been seen in this country (pirate video notwithstanding) since its original release; before allowing the film to be re-released after it's initial success the British censors demanded further cuts (Kubrick had performed minor surgery on the original print), but Kubrick refused, withdrew the film, and hasn't allowed it to be seen here since. The outcry that greeted the release of 'A Clockwork Orange', following so closely in the wake of Sam Peckinpah's equally controversial 'Straw Dogs', led to much analysis and comment from such diverse groups as psychiatrists and the clergy, as well as the usual critics. All of which detracted from the fact that the film is also very funny, albeit in the blackest sense; as Malcolm McDowell told 'Film Review' in 1975: "... 'A Clockwork Orange' was an extremely fine social film, a black comedy. When we were making it, none of us realised the controversy it would create". Fortunately, this hysterical (over) reaction from a narrow-minded minority couldn't prevent the film from becoming a deserved financial and critical success, gaining four Oscar nominations (Best Film, Best Director, Best Screenplay and Best Editing), seven B.A.F.T.A. nominations and winning numerous awards, including The New York Film Critics Award for Best Film and Best Director of 1971, the Italian David Donatello Award, the Belgian Film Critics Award, the German Spotlight Award and the Hugo Award for Best Science-Fiction Film of 1971; as well as being highly praised by Kubrick's contemporaries, such as Fellini, Bunuel and Kurosawa. Still, the damage was done, and the wounds must have gone deep for Kubrick still to deny the film to British audiences in any form, be it screenings at the N.F.T., a video release (as it surely would have passed unscathed among the plethora of 'I spit on your driller killer experiment camp' scholck that flooded the market in the early eighties), or a T.V. showing (so anyone who

saw Mary Whitehouse on 'The Jimmy Young Television Programme' smugly declaring that " 'A Clockwork Orange' will never be shown on British television" can take some solace in the fact that if this is the case it certainly won't be anything to do with Mary and her merry band of marauding moralists).

But, oh my brothers, the bitter irony of our being denied access to a film whose central theme is freedom of choice!

In keeping with Kubrick's desire to surprise and challenge his audience with each successive release, 'A Clockwork Orange' aptly follows '2001: A Space Odyssey'; where '2001' takes us from the dawn of man to the heights of space travel (and beyond), 'A Clockwork Orange' returns us to earth with an unceremonious bump, revealing man's baser instincts and showing how little we've progressed from animal savagery (the shots of Alex wielding his stick against his recalcitrant droogs are very reminiscent of the ape in '2001' first learning to use the bone as a weapon—and they are both shot from the same low angle). Indeed, as '2001' finishes on the eyes of the astral foetus, so 'A Clockwork Orange' opens on the menacing stare of Alex, and the tramp, bemoans the fact that there are "Men on the moon and men spinning around the earth, and there's not no attention paid to earthly law nor order no more". The film is a visual (John Barry's dazzling sets) and aural (Walter Carlos's electronic music and classical arrangements) treat, with many stunning scenes: The fight with Billyboy's gang, set in a derelict opera house and played out with theatrical exuberance to the thunderous tones of Rossini's 'The Thieving Magpie' (with choreography to rival anything by Busby Berkeley); the notorious rape scene, where Alex and his gang beat Mr Alexander and rape his wife, Alex merrily singing 'Singin' in the Rain'; Alex undergoing the Ludovico Treatment, his head strapped to the back of his seat and his eyes clamped open as he is forced to view scenes of terrible violence, all accompanied by his beloved Beethoven (the look of terror on Malcolm McDowell's face could well have been genuine as there was a very real danger of his eyeballs drying out if clamped open for too long!); and Alex's suicide leap, seen from a subjective viewpoint thanks to a sturdy Newman Sinclair clockwork mechanism camera...to name just a few.

All of this is enhanced by Kubrick's imaginative and inventive camera-work: long tracking shots, hand held camera shots, slow-motion for the scene where Alex reasserts his authority over his droogs and quick-motion for the orgy scene which, to a background of the 'William Tell Overture', was Kubrick's way of satirising the then current vogue of using slow-motion to give such scenes a pretension of 'art'.

And allied to masterly editing this produces a film that, despite being two hours and sixteen minutes long, is tighter and better paced than many ninety minute films.

Like any film adaptation of a novel, several changes have been made in transferring the story to the screen (a story which, incidentally, is semi-autobiographical as Burgess's first wife was beaten and raped, later to die of the injuries inflicted, by three deserting American G.I.'s during a blackout in World War Two - art reflecting life again and not vice versa, no matter how convenient it is for politicians, pressure groups and defence lawyers to claim so). Among the more notable changes are the discrepancies in age of many of the characters; Alex is fifteen in the book, but his age is unspecified in the film (although he does receive a visit from the school inspector). Conversely, the Catlady is younger than in the book, perhaps because an older actress couldn't have participated so vigorously in the fight with Alex. In the book the 'weepy young devotchka (girl)' about to be raped by Billyboy and his gang (played by Cheryl Grunwald, for those who wish to put a name to the face/body in that oft-printed picture) is only ten years old, as are the two 'ptitsas' (chicks) in the orgy scene - this of course, would have posed insurmountable problems with the censors (Hah!). Alex's induction into prison is extended, while the murder he commits there is forsaken (apparently for reasons of





time); this murder lead to Alex being sent for the Ludovico Treatment, but in the film he boldly steps forward during a visit by the Minister in charge of the programme, saving time and showing another facet of Alex's manipulative nature. The best known, and most audacious change is the aforementioned musical rape - something worked out almost by accident during rehearsals, when Kubrick asked McDowell if he could dance and McDowell launched into an improvised song-and-dance routine that was quickly refined into the form we see in the finished film (where it is given an added grotesque air with Dim intoning "Ready for love" over and over as Alex strips Mrs Alexander). This same song (Singin' in the Rain) later betrays Alex to Mr Alexander when having taken him in upon his release from prison, he hears Alex singing it in the bath, again saving time and tightening up the narrative.

All these changes, as scripted by Kubrick himself, are worked to the film's advantage and, for once, a book and film of the same story complement each other as well as standing on their own merits - obviously a shared vision by Burgess and Kubrick.

Something that is retained from the book, virtually unchanged, is the dialogue and narration, especially the teenage nadsat-speak of Alex which contrasts so diametrically with the empty, vacuous conversations of his parents (reduced to mere initials: P (pee) and M (em)) that is so in keeping with their mundane lives. All the dialogue was recorded 'live' (note the black tape holding a miniature microphone to the inside of the tramp's right coat-lapel in the scene on the Albert Bridge), without any post-synchronisation, adding greatly to the vitality of the scenes; and this despite the fact that the film was shot entirely on location (i.e. not in a studio), with three of the four sets needed - The Korova Milk Bar, the Prison Check-in and the bathroom at Mr Alexander's - being built in a small factory rented for the production, while the fourth - the Entrance Hall to Mr Alexander's house - was built in a tent in the back garden of the house used for the interiors.

Another strong element of the novel that transfers well to the screen is the inherent symmetry of the story; this is reflected in individual shots (such as the mirrored hall-way at Mr Alexander's) as well as in the structuring

of the film, which comprises three sections of approximately forty-five minutes each, the second, Alex in prison and receiving the Ludovico Treatment, separating the matching elements of the first (Alex at the height of his reign) and third (Alex's fate after receiving the 'cure'): the encounter with the tramp, the confrontation with the droogs, the scene in Mr Alexander's 'home', and the scenes in the house of the Catlady in section one and the conspirator in section three (Alex enters the home of the Catlady via a window and events that follow lead to her death, while events in the conspirator's home lead to Alex exiting via a window, hoping to cause his own demise).

The film boasts many fine performances, especially Patrick Magee as the ranting radical, Mr Alexander (the original looney left), Michael Bates as the chief warden, simply a minion of his state masters who, failing to understand either them or the criminals, hides behind his bullying and barked commands, and Godfrey Quigley as the fire-and-brimstone prison chaplain ("...we have undeniable proof, yes, incontrovertible evidence that hell exists!") who comes to represent the film's moral voice: "When a man cannot choose, he ceases to be a man".

But best of all is Malcolm McDowell, who gives a bravura performance in the core role of the anti-hero Alex Delarge; whether glorying in the mindless violence of the early scenes, cringing indignantly from his police captors or fawning sycophantically to the prison chaplain (always with his own selfish ends in mind) he presents a truly repellent evocation of the nihilistic youth of a not too distant future - made in 1971, 'A Clockwork Orange' is seen as anticipating (and influencing?) the Punk movement of the mid-seventies. Repellent, yes, but also compelling; for all his mindless thuggery, Alex cannot simply be dismissed as a mindless thug. He appreciates art and classical music (so did Hitler!), displays charm when picking up the two Lolita's at the record store and is disarmingly honest in his first-person narration.

So when Alex is delivered into the hands of the state we find our sympathies veering towards him - at least we can understand the motives behind his hedonistic pursuits (sex, money, fast cars, power and independence) even if they are taken to excessive extremes.

Once released, Alex finds himself at the mercy of his former victims who, finding they now have the upper hand, are quick to turn tormentors - suggesting that Alex merely represents a suppressed subconscious instinct in all of us. Firstly it is the tramp who, with fellow tramps, takes the opportunity to exact revenge ("Old age having a go at youth and I darn't do a single solitary thing..."), wails our humble narrator); then Alex's droogs, now in the police, humiliate their former leader, and finally Mr Alexander, who uses Alex for a combination of political subversion and personal revenge.

The final twist arises when it becomes more convenient for the state to 'cure'

Alex, who lies in a hospital bed, arms and legs shattered, demanding food from the minister like a parasitic cuckoo, reverting him to his former anarchic self and increasing his potency by promising him a powerful but unspecified position, working with the state in an uneasy alliance - possibly joining his droogs in the police, using the most violent members of a society to control the rest (this is something that Kubrick himself hinted in an interview with Michael Ciment in the French publication 'Postif' in June 1972 and reprinted, in English, in Ciment's 1983 book 'Kubrick').

The closing images of Alex, eyes wild with



pleasure as he imagines future excesses, giving a thumbs-up to the assembled media (and to us) - "I was cured all right" - are only slightly less ominous than those post-election pictures of Thatcher leaning out of the window at Ten Downing Street, holding three fingers in the air.

21

N.B. Some versions of the book (including the latest Penguin reprint) have an extra chapter, where Alex, burnt out at eighteen, envisages a quiet life with a wife and child, but Kubrick was unaware of this until he had nearly finished the script, and anyway, found it "...unconvincing and inconsistent with the style and intent of the book", going on to say, "I wouldn't be surprised to learn that the publisher had somehow prevailed upon Burgess to tack on the extra chapter against his better judgement, so the book would end on a more positive note" (again from the interview with Ciment) - the fact that Alex's job turns out to be working in the 'National Gramodisc Archives' suggests that Kubrick maybe right, although the final line of this extra chapter does indicate that a spark of defiance still remains in our humble narrator. Kubrick concludes "I certainly never gave any serious consideration to using it".

MAM.

Editor's note; with regards to Malcolm McDowell's really 'horrorshow' performance, perhaps the Academy couldn't bring themselves to hand over an oscar to an actor that has appeared in 'Crossroads'!!!

CAST & CREDITS

Malcolm McDowell(Alexander Delarge), Patrick Magee(Mr Alexander), Anthony Sharp(Minister of the Interior), Warren Clarke(Dia), Aubrey Morris(Deltoid), James Marcus(Georgie), Michael Tarn(Pete), Godfrey Quigley(Prison Chaplain), Michael Bates(Chief Guard), Adrienne Corri(Mrs Alexander), Philip Stone(Dad), Sheila Raynor(Mum), Carl Duering(Dr Brodsky), Paul Farrell(Tramp), Michael Gover(Prison Governor), Miriam Karlin(Cat Lady), David Prowse(Julian), John Clive(Stage Actor), Clive Francis(Joe), Madge Ryan(Dr Branon), Pauline Taylor(Psychiatrist), John Savidant(Conspirator), Margaret Tyzack(Conspirator), Steven Berkoff(Constable), Lindsay Campbell(Inspector), Jan Adair(Hand-maiden), John J Carney(CID Man), Vivienne Chandler(Hand-maiden), Richard Connaught (Billyboy), Prudence Drage(Hand-maiden), Carol Drinkwater(Nurse Feeley), Cheryl Grunwald(Rape girl), Gillian Hills(Sonietta), Barbara Scott(Warty), Virginia Wetherel(Actress), Katya Wyeth(Girl), Pat Roach(Bouncer), Barrie Cookson, Gaye Brown, Peter Burton, Lee Fox, Craig Hunter, Shirley Jaffe, Neil Wilson and Basil the Snake!

Directed, Produced and The Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick; Based on the Novel by Anthony Burgess; Executive Producers-Max L Raab and Si Litvinoff; Electronic Music Composed and Realized by Walter Carlos; Featuring the Music of Beethoven, Rossini, Elgar and Terry Tucker; "Singin' in the Rain" performed by Gene Kelly; "I Want to Marry a Lighthouse Keeper" performed by Erika Eigen; Associate Producer-Bernard Williams; Assistant to the Producer-Jan Harlan; Consultant on Hair and Colouring-Leonard of London; Lighting Cameraman-John Allott; Production Designer-John Barry; Editor-Bill Butler; Sound Editor-Brian Blamey; Sound Recordist-John Jordan; Dubbing Mixers-Bill Rowe, Eddie Haben; Art Directors-Russell Hagg, Peter Shields; Wardrobe Supervisor-Ron Beck; Costume Designer-Milena Canoner; Stunt Arranger-Roy Scamell; Special Paintings and Sculptures-Herman Makkink, Cornelius Makkink, Liz Moore, Christians Kubrick; Casting-Jimmy Liggett; Location Manager-Terence Clegg; Supervising Electrician-Frank Wardale; Assistant Directors-Derek Cracknell, Dusty Symonds; Construction Manager-Bill Welch; Prop Master-Frank Burton; Assistant Editors-Gary Shepherd, Peter Burgess, David Beesley; Camera Operators-Ernie Day, Mike Molloy; Focus Puller-Ron Drinkwater; Camera Assistants-Laurie Frost, David Lenham; Boom Operator-Peter Glossop; Grips-Don Budge, Tony Cridlin; Electricians-Louis Bogue, Derek Gatrell; Prop Men-Peter Hancock, Tommy Ibbetson, John Oliver; Promotion Co-Ordinator-Mike Caplan; Production Accountant-Len Barnard; Continuity-June Randall; Hairdresser-Olga Angelinetta; Make-Up-Fred Williamson, George Partleton, Barbara Daly; Production Secretary-Loretta Ordewer; Director's Secretary-Kay Johnson; Production Assistant-Andros Epaminondas; Location Liaison-Arthur Morgan; Technical Advisor-Jon Marshall.

WARNER BROS. 1971

Running Time: 137 mins.

JANE FONDLE'S WORKOUT VIDEO NASTY

O.K. LET'S
WORKOUT !!!



GO FOR THE BURN!



INDIANA JONES III²³

and the

MOVIE STARS APPRENTICESHIP

CHAPTER ONE

It was a hot Saturday afternoon and I was sitting in my office thinking that there must be more to life than sitting in my office thinking that there must be more to life. (With me so far?). Well firstly I'd better explain that I am an Estate Agent. (No, it's not a horror story!). And with our wonderful climate, on hot days people sunbathe and don't buy houses. Fortunately the monotony was broken by the arrival of my friend Jim, who burst into the office beaming smiles all over his face. "You've just seen a scantily clad young lady" I said. "No, no, it's better than that." he replied. At this point I began to worry, trying to think what could be better than that. Jim began to leap about the office saying how would I like to be in a film. I looked down at the bulge in my trousers and said "I don't know if I'll measure up.". "I'm serious" he replied. "They are holding auditions for 'Indiana Jones III' at the Territorial Barracks". My imagination flowed, John Wayne, then Clint Eastwood, then Stewart Wilks (that's me). I thought that there might be a future for me being a star, so I agreed. Two hours later I'd cleaned my teeth, brushed my hair and set off for the barracks. Now Jim is a bit of a practical joker and I started to wonder if I was being set up to join the Foreign Legion or a band of mercenaries, but my quest for stardom drove me on. Arriving at the Barracks there were signs saying "Auditions". My heart missed a beat. (I think it was indigestion). Jim was standing by the door doing Hitler salutes and offering everyone he saw his autograph. "We are going to be German soldiers" he said. Three men in white coats came round the corner and Jim ran into the audition room. The audition was a bit of an anticlimax as everyone who turned up got a part - not the smell of grease paint and bitchiness that I had expected. We were told to turn up on the next Tuesday for costume fitting. The intervening days were a nightmare. Not for me but for all the people I was boring to death with tales of my impending stardom.

Fitting Day! I arrived at my appointed time. The outer hall was laid out like a doctor's waiting room full of psychiatric patients. Every so often a pretty girl on reception would call for the next idiot. My turn came and I sauntered over as casually as I could. The inner hall was huge, with rack upon rack of uniforms. I was approached by a man of questionable sexual persuasion who looked me up and down and said to his friend "I think this one's slim enough to be a student". Now at this point in the tale I would like to confess that I am 30 years old with a receding hairline and am two stones overweight. Hardly your stereotype student. He saw my puzzled look and said "Don't worry, it's a better part. There are only 30 students and 720 soldiers. You'll get noticed - trust me". My worries were alleviated as he said the same about Jim who is two years older and has less hair. We were duly kitted out in original 1930's civilian clothes. I knew they were original because even the moths had wrinkles. I was trying to work out what smelled worse: the outfits or the wardrobe man's aftershave. Next stop was the film hair-stylist. He was a young man with a sadistic grin which broke into a smile as people cried when he performed the standard thirties short back and sides. After the torture was carried out we were relieved of our outfits. They were bagged up and we were given a number and a sheet telling us to turn up at 5.30p.m. the following week for a night shoot.

* * * * *

5.30 pm. The big day was here. I'd collected Jim and we arrived at Bletchley College, the pick up point. As I approached the gate a shabby character stopped me and asked if I was just dropping off or parking overnight. I explained that we were major stars and would be leaving the car overnight. He smiled and charged me a pound for parking. I asked for a VAT receipt and he told me to get stuffed. After parking we boarded the coaches and set off for Stowe School. (Not Elstree, boy was I upset). The conversation on the coach was mass speculation about the pay. Opinions ranged from £40 to £75. As always it turned out to be the lesser. Upon arrival at the set we were ushered (with military precision) to our changing rooms and then on to make-up and hair check. It was in hairdressing that Jim's secret was discovered. He was trying to disguise his thinning hairline by applying masses of 'Hard Rock' hairspray. The stylist's comb got caught and she asked if he was wearing hairspray. Jim went a scarlet colour while I nearly fell off my chair crying. Next stop was the Extra's Canteen - lots of coffee and salad (I hate salad). Jim and I sat down and he enjoyed his meal and mine. We were reminiscing about how it had been better on the set of 'Superman III'. People



JIM (SECOND FROM LEFT), ME (THIRD FROM RIGHT).

looked with admiration and asked us about it. It was difficult to answer as we had never been there! A megaphone announced that we should proceed to the set, which can only be described as fantastic. The scene was a Nazi Rally, and we were to march before Hitler, while people threw books onto a huge fire. It became apparent that the Hitler Youth were to be in the majority of the night's shoot, and the remaining cast, feeling a bit sour, gave them the nickname of Rent Boys. I don't think they understood, but then neither did I!

By three o'clock in the morning and after hours of marching, and offerings of that damn salad, the worst thing imaginable happened. We had run out of cigarettes. There was only one chance of salvation. Robert Hawkins was his name and he was there somewhere. After twenty minutes, I spotted him. Unfortunately, he had spotted me first and I saw him smoke his last three cigarettes in twenty seconds, before I could reach him! The next scene was with Harrison Ford bumping into Hitler, surrounded by those grinning Rent Boys (Hitler Youth). I stood close by and watched, hoping to get noticed by Steven Spielberg - sadly, he hadn't got any fags either! Nicotine withdrawal was now taking a firm hold and I thought I had gone deaf, but eventually realised that in crowd scenes, actors only mouth the lines for later dubbing.

The lack of nicotine gave way to raving hunger, and by using all my senses, I discovered the crew's canteen. A big sign saying 'No Extra's Allowed' was ignored and I devoured a wonderful rum steak sandwich. You never know, that one might have been destined for Sean Connery's stomach (Sorry Seani!). Suitably revived, we finished the shoot and were offered more salad before payment (They were trying to break me!).

Daylight dawned, and we queued for our £40. The money was being issued by the 2nd Assistant Director. I fixed him with a smile and said "What's our next film?". He shrugged, looked up and said "You must be kidding". Now they will never know, I could have been a star.

SW.

TAXI DRIVER

A SYNOPSIS

25

Travis Bickle, a Vietnam veteran, takes on a job as a cabbie in New York. In voice-overs he tells us about his bad headaches and his thoughts of the city.

He cannot sleep, so he takes on longer taxi shifts. The only people that he associates with are his fellow cabbies, meeting them for the odd cup of coffee. He sits there quietly, taking in the conversations. The main voice to be heard is that of his friend Wizard, spinning yarns about his conquests with women. Another of his colleagues asks him if he needs a gun, as he has a contact, Travis declines the offer.

On his days off, he either sits at home or goes to watch porno movies at cheap cinema's. He keeps a diary at home containing his thoughts, he tells us about the scum that walks the streets.

On a daytime trip he sees a woman, Betsy, who works in the campaign office of Charles Palantine, who is running for President. Eventually Travis plucks up enough courage to venture in and ask her out to lunch. She accepts and they go to a coffee house. He then asks her if she would like to go to a movie with him, again she accepts. He buys her a record and she meets him outside a dubious looking cinema. Betsy asks him about the film, he says that it's very good and lots of couples have seen it. It turns out to be a very cheap porno flick. Betsy becomes very angry and storms out. Travis cannot understand why. He is slipping further. He calls and sends flowers to Betsy but she refuses to see him. Travis becomes very frustrated and bursts into her office. Betsy's colleagues try and hustle him out, which makes him lose his temper. He yells at Betsy "You'll die in hell!"

His hatred for the city together with his weirdo fares is getting worse - so are his headaches. "One day a real rain will come and wash the scum off the streets" he says.

At a meeting with Wizard, Travis mentions that he is getting some bad idea's. He contacts his friend, who arranges for a gun 'salesman' to call. Travis and the 'salesman' meet in a cab and go off to a hotel room. Travis buys four guns and a knife.

He goes to a Palantine rally and talks to a secret-service man and acts very suspiciously.

He meets Iris, a twelve year-old prostitute, and makes plans to get her away from her pimp, Sport, and send her home to her parents.

Travis is now becoming obsessed with his idea's and starts his own training programme. Push-ups, chin-ups, he even puts his hand in a naked flame. He is also a crack shot with his guns.

He stands in front of his mirror and repeatably challenges himself with the line "You talkin' to me?"

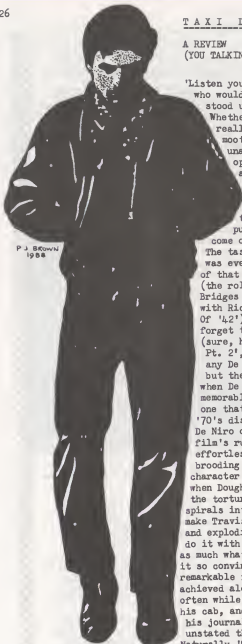
In a store one night Travis shoots and kills a hold-up man, much to the joy of the store-keeper, who says thankyou and will take care of the body. On his next meeting with Iris, he tells her that he is working for the government.

He arms himself to the teeth and puts some money in an envelope for Iris. The next time we see Travis, he is at another Palantine rally wearing sunglasses and sporting a mohican haircut. He has the notion to shoot Palantine but a secret-service man sees him go for a gun and gives chase. Travis gets away and his plans alter.

He goes to the area where Iris 'works' and shoots Sport in the stomach. Travis remains calm and sits on a step. He then enters the building where Iris is 'working'. He shoots and kills three men. In the violent blood-bath, Travis is badly wounded and is bleeding heavily. He tries to kill himself, but he has no bullets left. He sits down. When the police arrive he points his blood soaked finger at his own temple and pretends to shoot. Travis has now healed in mind and body. He is hailed a hero by the press and Iris's parents write and thank him for what he has done. Iris is now back at school and living at home. Travis is at peace with himself and is back driving his cab. He gives Betsy a lift. She is interested in him again but Travis just smiles. He drops her off and drives away, saxaphones playing.....

PJB.

TAXI DRIVER

A REVIEW
(YOU TALKIN' TO ME?)P. J. BROWN
1988

'Listen you fuckers, you screwheads, here is a man who would not take it anymore. Here is a man who stood up... Here is...'

Whether Martin Scorsese's 'Taxi Driver' can really be classified as a 'fantasy' film is a moot point (and John Hinckley is still unavailable for comment!), but the film's opening images - Travis's taxi gliding like a golden chariot from the clouds of New York street steam - seem to vindicate this opinion; and while Travis isn't strictly an alien, he is alienated from, and by, the world he inhabits - a world of pimps, pushers and porno theatres ('All the animals come out at night...sick, venal').

The task of personifying this urban alienation was eventually put in the more than capable hands of that consummate screen actor, Robert De Niro (the role was originally to have gone to Jeff Bridges - himself a fine actor, but no De Niro - with Richard ('To Kill A Mockingbird', 'The Summer Of '42') Mulligan directing); and it's easy to forget that this was De Niro's first major role (sure, he'd already won an oscar for 'Godfather Pt. 2', but that was for 'Supporting Actor' - if any De Niro performance can be merely 'supporting'), but the producers faith was certainly rewarded when De Niro provided what is probably the most memorable screen characterisation of the decade - one that is now firmly established as an icon of '70's disillusionment and despair.

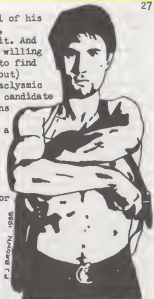
De Niro occupies the screen for almost all of the film's running time and holds our attention effortlessly throughout with an edgy, intense, brooding performance full of little quirks and character traits (like that wonderful double take when Doughboy asks 'How's it hanging?') hinting at the tortured soul inside this shell of a man as he spirals into madness - it would have been easy to make Travis a wild-eyed psycho, frothing at the mouth and exploding with rage, but it takes real skill to do it with the subtlety De Niro employs here, and it's as much what he doesn't do as what he does that make it so convincing. The performance is even more remarkable for the fact that much of the effect is achieved alone, with no other actors to spark off and often while doing nothing, alone in his room or driving his cab, and it is here that Travis's narration from his journal comes into it's own, revealing otherwise unstated thoughts and feelings.

Naturally 'Taxi Driver' included De Niro's usual, and near legendary, meticulous preparation - spending months driving a taxi around the streets of New York and shedding 35 pounds for a leaner look - but while such things look good in print they only really serve to detract from the performance, making it sound gimmicky when it is in fact a brilliantly observed and finely judged piece of acting - and it takes several viewings to fully appreciate the quality of the acting here. Travis is a Vietnam veteran (but in the days before it just became an excuse to give a guy a gun and a grievance in pursuit of murder and mayhem - a sub-genre that the success of 'Taxi Driver' undoubtedly helped establish.) whose insomnia leads to him taking a taxi driving job, agreeing to work 'Anytime,

anywhere', and it is from within the protective shell of his cab that Travis observes the sickness all around him, repelled by it at first, but eventually consumed by it. And so the scene is set for De Niro to guide his all too willing audience (Scorsese was more than a little perturbed to find audiences cheering Travis on during the final shoot-out) through Travis's descent into madness and final, cataclysmic violence: his encounter in his cab with Presidential candidate Charles 'We are the people' Palantine, trading slogans without any real point of contact; his bust-up with Betsy after taking her to a skinflick ('Taking me to a place like this is as about as exciting to me as saying "Let's fuck"!'); sitting detached and impassive as a psychotic passenger gleefully describes what his .44 magnum will do to the more intimate parts of his unfaithful wife's anatomy; his approach to fellow cabbie Wizard, an unstated plea for help ('I got some real bad ideas in my head') which goes unheeded by the oafish Wizard, who, unlike the sensitive Travis, simply lets the degradation around them wash over him and so is incapable of understanding Travis's need, and ends up offering nothing more than his own useless home-baked philosophy ('That's about the dumbest thing I ever heard'); matter of factly purchasing his weapons of destruction (and the first gun he enquires after is a .44 magnum) from the glib 'travelling salesman', 'Easy' Andy, who talks knowledgeably and enthusiastically about his wares, giving them the exciting air of 'forbidden fruits' (akin to the scene in 'The French Connection' where the purity of drugs is being tested), while seemingly oblivious to their singularly destructive use; the start of Travis's attempts to get 'organised', initiating a vigorous exercise programme for himself ('You're only as healthy as you feel') - taking greater control of his physical self as he loses his grip on his mind; a hilarious encounter with a secret service agent at a Palantine rally; practicing with his guns in his room - the film's best and most celebrated scenes - conversing with himself in the mirror ('You talkin' to me? Well who the hell el...? You talkin' to me? Well I'm the only one here'); unflinchingly dispatching a hold-up man at a delicatessen, then panicking about not having a permit for the weapon - emphasizing the underlying schizophrenic nature of the character; and stepping up his contact with Iris before the inevitable explosion of violence ('My whole life was pointed in one direction, there never has been any choice for me')...

Central to all of this is Travis's inability to interact and communicate with the people around him, especially, and significantly, the women in the film, Betsy ('She appeared like an angel out of this filthy mess') and the child prostitute Iris ('Sweet Iris') - woman as angel and woman as whore - offering to 'save' them both, Betsy from her supposed loneliness ('I think you're a lonely person...I saw it in your eyes, you're not a happy person') and Iris from her degrading occupation ('This is nothing for a person to do'), when neither of them really welcomes his attention while remaining oblivious to his own need for saving. Even his attempt to make conversation with the female ticket seller at the porno theatre brings an unnecessarily hostile reaction and after his rejection by Betsy he concludes that '...she is just like the others - cold and distant' and switches his attention almost arbitrarily to Iris (just as he moves from the politician to the pimp as the recipient of his wrath).

Which just leaves the finale. And what a finale: shockingly effective, it must rank as one of the most shattering climaxes ever committed to film (video buffs should be aware that there is a one second cut in the current U.K. video release and presumably comes in this scene) - if the selling of guns suggested glamour, then this certainly isn't the case here, as Travis moves stiffly (he looks like his neck is set in plaster!) through the building where Iris plays her trade, exchanging shots with those present as well as sticking a knife through the (remaining) hand of Iris's time-keeper before reaching her room, and, after his suicide attempt has been thwarted, sinking onto the sofa to await the arrival of the police; and as the police gather in the doorway he



P.J. BRIDGEMAN 1985

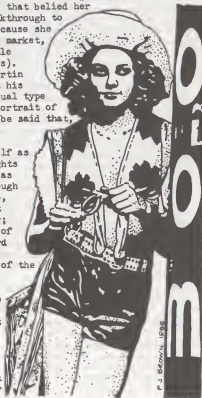
forms a gun with his hand, puts his finger to his temple, and as he pulls the 'trigger' an enigmatic grin cracks his face (pleasure at regaining his potency having exorcised the demons that infested his mind?). All of this is filmed with a roving camera that moves through the building as the carnage unfolds, before finishing with an overhead shot, observing the aftermath from a detached viewpoint; while the grainy interior lighting, distant reverberating voices that echo around the corridors of the building (and Travis's head) and occasional, momentary switches to slow motion combine to create a nightmare quality to offset the brutal realism of Dick Smith's (very) 'special make-up'.

From here we move through to a short, ironic coda where we learn that Travis's exploits have lead to him being hailed as a hero, allowing him a back door to public acceptability (better to be a king for a day than schmuck for a lifetime?) and gaining him new respect from his fellow cabbies; and Betsy too, whom he gives a lift to in the film's final, ambiguous scene - dropping her off, Travis drives on, but not before taking a quick, frightened glance in his rearview mirror (suggesting that maybe not all of the demons have been excised).

With De Niro in such magnificent form, it's a credit to the rest of the cast that they aren't totally overshadowed, and among those giving fine support are Cybill Shepherd as Betsy, rising to the task of showing how her 'up state' New York character came to be attracted to a man like Travis (Betsy: 'I don't believe I've ever met anyone quite like you') and giving a superb performance that does little to explain her rapid decline after this film (only to rise phoenix-like with 'Moonlighting' in the 1980's); Albert Brooks, a recent oscar nominee for 'Broadcast News', in a fine debut as the wise-cracking but shallow Tom ('I don't like him...I think he's silly'); Peter Boyle, excellent in the relatively small role of Wizard, a role he took because he felt it was 'a great script and (I) just wanted to be part of it'; Harvey Keitel, at his sleazy best as Iris's pimp, Sport, and clearly enjoying (ad-libbed) bouts of verbal sparring with De Niro; and especially Jodie Foster, giving a remarkable performance as the street-wise yet naive Iris that belied her 14 years (and if she hasn't made the big breakthrough to major stardom as expected then it's simply because she has shied away from the commercial end of the market, preferring to take more challenging roles while maturing into a talented and beautiful actress). Special mention should also go to director Martin Scorsese as the psychotic passenger spying on his wife and her paramour, which, far from the usual type of director's ego-trip cameo, is a chilling portrait of a deeply disturbed individual, and it has to be said that, albeit briefly, he steals attention away from De Niro.

The other 'star' of the film is the city itself as photographed by Michael Chapman; the neon lights of the New York night diffused and distorted as they drift in and out of focus or filter through the water splashed windscreens of Travis's cab, forming a kaleidoscope of garish colours that creates an otherworldly setting for the story; while the accompanying melancholic saxophone of Tom Scott, which forms the mainstay of Bernard Herrmann's score (completed the day he died), does much to enhance the mood and atmosphere of the film.

'Taxi Driver' was the second collaboration between Scorsese and De Niro and proved to be their most successful artistically (probably) and financially (definitely - made on a tight budget of \$2.5m it brought in over \$25m in the U.S.A. alone), establishing Scorsese among the forefront of the new wave of American directors and showcasing De Niro as the most talented actor of his generation. It was the first time they were joined by writer (and later director) Paul Schrader, who



P. J. BROWN 1983



provided another of his uncompromising scripts, examining the flip-side of the American dream and here poking at the seamy underbelly of it's most (in)famous city - this same trio struck gold again, artistically and to a lesser extent financially, in 1980 with 'Raging Bull', which brought Scorsese a much deserved (and long overdue) 'Best Director' oscar nomination (predictably he didn't win) and gaining De Niro his fourth acting nomination and his second oscar. Despite collecting the Palm D'or at Cannes (awarded to best picture), the general reaction to the film was still somewhat mixed; the critics knew they were in the presence of something special but were loath to admit it, the general reaction being: hard to like, harder to ignore. The American Academy was equally tentative, dishing out oscar nominations for Best Film, Actor, Supporting Actress and Score (incredibly Scorsese wasn't even nominated!) without actually giving any of the awards - De Niro was piped to the Best Actor award by Peter Finch for his 'Network' performance (the deciding factor no doubt being the fact that Finch had died recently - cynical but true!) while the Best Film nod went to 'Rocky' ('Rocky'?!), one possible explanation being that, as William Goldman suggested in his excellent book 'Adventures in the Screen Trade' (Putnam), the Academy were 'made uneasy by the violence'. The general public, however, had no such qualms and the film soon gathered a loyal cult following - taken to an excessive extreme in what William Goldman called 'the Hinckley madness', but as Schrader had originally based his screenplay, written in 1972, on the diaries of Arthur Bremer, would-be assassin of presidential candidate George Wallace, at worst Hinckley was only completing a vicious circle. Other more stable admirers of the film included the group The Clash, who used Travis as the inspiration for the track 'Red Angel Dragnet' for their brilliant 1982 album 'Combat Rock' on which Travis makes an

appearance by proxy: while the group's lead singer, Joe Strummer, adopted a Travis-style Mohican haircut during the group's American tour of that year (and later in the same year The Clash featured briefly, as 'Street Scum', in the Scorsese/De Niro film 'The King Of Comedy').

So in the final analysis it doesn't matter how you categorise 'Taxi Driver' - fantasy, social commentary, religious allegory (such has been said of the film's religious motifs: sin and atonement, Travis as the wrath of God, etc.) or, as some say, straight horror - because such labels only limit it's status, as it is, above all else, a modern cinema classic.

'Someday a real rain will come...'

Editor's note; As well as appearing as the maniac in Travis's cab, director Scorsese can also be seen sitting on a step looking at Betsy in her opening scene.

CAST & CREDITS

Robert De Niro(Travis Bickle), Jodie Foster(Iris), Albert Brooks(Tom), Harvey Keitel(Sport), Leonard Harris(Charles Palantine), Peter Boyle(Wizard), Cybill Shepherd(Betsy), Diahnne Abbott(Concession Girl), Frank Adu(Angry Black Man), Vic Argo(Melio), Gino Ardito(Policeman At Rally), Garth Avery(Iris's Friend), Harry Cohn(Cabbie In Bellmore), Copper Cunningham(Hooker In Cab), Brenda Dickson (Soap Opera Woman), Harry Fischler(Despatcher), Nat Grant(Hold-Up Man), Richard Higgs(Tall Secret Service Man), Beau Kayser(Soap Opera Man), Vic Magnotta(Secret Service Photographer), Robert Maroff(Nafioso), Norman Matlock(Charlie T.), Bill Minkin(Tom's Assistant), Murray Mosten(Iris's Time Keeper), Harry Northup (Doughboy), Gene Palma(Street Drummer), Gary Poe(Campaign Worker), Steven Prince (Andy, Gun Salesman), Peter Savage(The John), Martin Scorsese(Passenger Watching Silhouette), Robert Shields(Palantine Aid), Ralph Singleton(T.V. Interviewer), Joe Spinell(Personnel Officer), Maria Turner(Angry Hooker On Street), Robin Utt (Campaign Worker).

Directed by Martin Scorsese; Produced by Michael Phillips and Julia Phillips; Written by Paul Schrader; Music by Bernard Herrmann; Director of Photography-Michael Chapman; Creative Consultant-Sandra Weintraub; Visual Consultant-David Nichols; Special Make-Up by Dick Smith; Film Editors-Tom Rolf, Melvin Shapiro; Supervising Film Editor-Marcia Lucas; Associate Producer-Phillip M Goldfarb; Art Director-Charles Rosen; Camera Operator-Fred Schuler; Assistant Cameramen-Alec Hirshfel, Bill Johnson, Ron Zarilla; 2nd Unit Camera-Michael Zingale; Assistant Director-Peter R Scoppe; 2nd Assistant Directors-Ralph Singleton, William Eustace, Robert Cohen; Script Supervisor- Kay Chapin; Production Office Co-ordinator-Noni Rock; Set Decorator-Herbert Mulligan; Property Master-Les Bloom; Assistant Property Master-Dave Goodnoff; Special Effects-Tony Parmelee; Scenic Artist-Cosmo Sorice; Costume Designer-Ruth Morley; Wardrobe-Al Craine; Make-Up by Irving Buchman; Hairdresser-Mona Orr; Gaffer-Richard Quinlan; Best Boy-Billy Ward; Key Grip-Robert Ward; Grip-Edward Quinn; Transportation Co-ordinator-Ray Hartwick; Mixer-Les Lazarowitz; Boom Man-Robert Rogow; Recorder-Roger Pietschman; Supervising Sound Effects Editor-Frank E Warner; Sound Effects Editors-Sam Gessette, Jim Fritch, David Hourton, Gordon Davidson; Assistant Editors-George Trirogoft, William Weber; Music Editor-Shinichi Yamazaki; Casting-Juliet Taylor; Atmosphere Casting-Sylvia Faye; Still Photographer-Josh Weiner; Special Photographer-Save Shapiro; Publicist-Howard Newman; Special Publicity-Marion Billing; Assistant to the Producer-Keith Addis; Assistant to the Director-Amy Jones; Production Assistants-Eugene Iemola, Gary Springer, Chris Soldo; Secretaries to the Producers-Renate Rupp, Pat Dodds; 'Late For The Sky' by Jackson Browne; 'Hold Me Close' by Keith Addis; Re-Recording Supervisor-Tex Rudloff; Re-Recording Mixers-Dick Alexander, Vern Poore; Chemtone Processing by T.V.C.; Title Design-Dan Perri; Optical Effects and Colour Prints by MCM; Production Services by Devon Persky-Bright; An italo-Judeo Production.

COLUMBIA PICTURES.

1976

Running Time: 110 mins.

The Chowder Society

Issue 2 of FANTASYNOPSIS will feature a readers letters section, so if you have any comments to make on Issue 1 or just have something to say, put pen to paper and post to:- FANTASYNOPSIS, THE CHOWDER SOCIETY, 1 BASCRAFT WAY, GOMMANCHESTER, HUNTINGDON, CAMBS, PE18 8EC.

Sinfords Studio REVIEWS

a mini-review section

edited by Eric Sinford

SISTERS (1972)

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock - Whoops!, I mean Brian de Palma, yes this film really is a Hitch rip-off.

This sometimes confusing story is about Siamese twins, who are separated at birth. One of them dies and the other (Margot Kidder) goes on to believe that she is both of them when she gets involved with a man. A grisly murder takes place and is witnessed by a reporter. The rest of the film involves the reporter trying to prove what she saw.

Kidder's French/Canadian accent is really irritating and you tend to give up on it after a short while. But it does have some good points, such as, the murder in the apartment, which is very well staged, very frightening and looks excruciatingly painful. Bernard Herrmann's score is (as always) a sheer joy.

So in summing up, it's not to bad but 'Basket Case' did it better! Currently available on Channel 5 Video at the budget price of £9.99. RJB.

F/X MURDER BY ILLUSION (1985)

The basic premise of this film is very exciting, especially if you're a Savini/Bottin freak, and starts off with an interesting proposition.

Australian Bryan Brown (no relation) plays a special effects man who is hired by a government agent to fake a murder. He carries out the job quite convincingly, but then things start to go drastically wrong.

It could have been a lot better - my mind stretches back to an old 'EC' style story that I read years ago, where a make-up man applied monster make-up that you couldn't remove and it also changed the wearers personality - anyway, I digress, 'F/X' is quite exciting and does have a few good twists. The acting is believable, especially from the main cast. The film also boasts one of the most realistic fights that I have ever seen on celluloid.

The song at the end, 'Just An Illusion' by Imagination is a nice touch. RJB.

THE LOVE BUTCHER (1975)

Directed by Mikel Angel and Don Jones, Produced by G. Williams and M. Belski. (Rated 'R').

A truly bizarre, often grisly and patently ludicrous mid-seventies low budget (or should that be 'no budget'?) shocker about a crippled gardener called Caleb and his mysterious, handsome and murderous 'brother' called Lester....

'He turns a quiet neighbourhood into a slaughterhouse' screamed the 'ad' campaign; well almost.... Goofy, ugly Caleb is twisted and teased by his female employers and turns to his 'brother' Lester (both roles played by Eric Stern in a workmanlike fashion), who is actually just a wig and a cap! (no I'm not joking, honestly). Whenever Caleb dons this ludicrous 'disguise' he turns into his homicidal sibling and seduces and slaughters his erstwhile employers in a variety of sordid and colourful ways, using gardening tools for his 'pruning' operations.... beats weeding I guess!

The sleaze factor is high, as is the (unintentional) humour and whilst the acting is generally poor, some suspense is generated and the murders carry a frisson that can be lacking in more modern 'slaughterthons'.

'The Love Butcher' is well worth a look (if you can track this obscure item

down), if only for the hilarious scene where Caleb disguises himself as a Puerto Rican door-to-door record salesman!

Recommended.

NB.

MIRANDA (1948)

I really like the movie 'Splash', and when I first saw it I thought I thought it was very original, but after viewing this neglected classic on T.V., I now realise where Ron Howard got a lot of his idea's from.

A doctor on a fishing holiday, falls in the sea and is 'rescued' by a mermaid. He takes her home and every man she meets falls in love with her.

A great simple story which hasn't really dated. Glynis Johns plays the mermaid and gives the character a cheeky innocence which must have been quite daring at the time of it's initial release.

The tail effects are superb - just as good as Daryl Hannah's.

A sequel was released entitled 'Mad About Men'.

PJB.

QUATERMASS & THE PIT (1957)

Horror fans will no doubt be familiar with the Hammer Films adaptation (starring Andrew Keir as Professor Bernard Quatermass) through repeated showings on T.V. Now courtesy of BBC Video you can see the original six part serial on video cassette, and at a running time of nearly twice the film version, it's well worth a look.

We should all know the serial's storyline by now. An unusual artefact is uncovered during a building operation in the area of Hobb's Lane, Kensington. The find attracts the attention of both the scientific community and the armed forces led by Colonel Breen. While the Colonel refuses to believe anything other than that the object is a World War II hoax, Bernard Quatermass makes an astonishing discovery - the object is of Martian origin and carries the remnants of a dead race that came to earth over five million years ago. However, the race is not completely dead, for the activity in unearthing the craft awakes a race consciousness in the surrounding populace that causes hell to literally break loose.

The series may be talky in places, but it is never boring. Andre Morell gives a grand performance as Quatermass - openminded, forthright and scholarly, he approaches the danger in true English style, while Breen blunders around in typical military fashion, making ridiculous assumptions. While the Hammer version had the advantage of a grander scale, the original is more effective all round. Though Quatermass may only have a piece of grating, rather than a crane at hand to defeat the Martian power, the scene showing the revelation of the Martian insectoids is the more powerful for being confined to the claustrophobic setting of live T.V. Readers may remember this scene from the single episode shown a few years ago (IMPS AND DEMONS), and the rest is just as powerful!

Sadly, if reports are correct, the BBC do not have recordings of the first two Quatermass serials, due to problems when the series were first transmitted. Well done BBC for at least making the third in the series available and virtually intact.

(BBC Video, £9.99. approx. 3 hours).

NC.

THE NIGHT OF THE COMET (1984)

A deadly kind of Halley's Comet passes by the Earth and wipes out most of the population, turning them to dust. Three survive and try to find out what's going on.

Most reviews that I've read have hailed this as a classic homage to the fiftie's 'B' movie - don't you believe it, it's very slow moving and has some very wooden acting, which is not helped by the uninteresting characters. The zombie make-up is o.k.

Not recommended.

PJB.

(A.K.A. THE INCREDIBLE TORTURE SHOW) Produced, Directed and Written by Joel M. Reed.

A monstrously sick, violent and perverted 're-make' of H.C.Lewis' 'Wizard of Gore' which was originally given a dreaded 'X' by the M.P.A.A., the U.S. ratings board. Re-discovered by those champions of scuzz, Troma Films, repackaged and sold as a horror-sex-comedy, it was later granted an 'R' certificate, without cuts. Weird, huh? Not half as weird as the dark and sordid goings on in this retitled shocker.

Shot in Manhattan, by film-makers who were obviously more at home in the world of 'Crotch Operas' and 'Come Shots', 'Bloodsucking Freaks' is an uneasy coupling of soft core sex and hard core violence that walks the tightrope between bad taste and obscenity with a skill that did not impress the 'Women Against Pornography Movement' in the States, where mass picketing led to it being driven out of the theatres and onto home video, where it was given a new lease of life, though it is still hard to track down. So what was all the fuss about?...Well, the plot is very simple and to the point; actor Seamus O'Brien stars as Sardu, master of the 'Theatre of the Macabre', a modern day Grand Guignol stageshow, whose speciality is 'snuff' theatrics, including eye-gouging (and eating, yuk!), dismemberment and heavily sexualised torture. Sardu's sidekick is a demented Dwarf, enthusiastically over-acted by Louis de Jesus (!), who is in charge of a cage of starved, naked cannibal women, and whose hobbies include doing dubious things with a severed head and kidnapping ballerinas for Sardu's proposed ballet. One highlight of this cinematic atrocity involves a visiting 'doctor' turning the brains of a somewhat unwilling 'patient' into strawberry thickshake with a power-drill, and then sucking out the resulting nutritious 'drink' with a straw; all this after removing all of her teeth with a pair of pliers. ...I defy anybody not to flinch during this scene. A chainsaw, rack and guillotine also feature heavily, and in a 'deeply symbolic' scene a 'New York Times' critic is kicked to death onstage by a Prima Ballerina in front of a suitably impressed audience. The shadow of the Marquis de Sade hangs heavily over this film, but is dissipated slightly by the tone of high camp, if sexist, humour that prevades the bizarre goings on.

'Bloodsucking Freaks' certainly lives up to its reputation without being totally offensive. A sequel has been announced as being in the offing, subtitled 'The School for Discipline'. Mum... well... - 'Bloodsucking Freaks' can only be recommended to people with a strong stomach and a high 'offense threshold'. For those of a purient nature, or the merely curious, be warned, it is powerful stuff, and, as its 'ad' campaign gloatingly claims, it '....will offend!' - happy viewing!

GW.

ROBOCOP (1987)

Peter Weller plays the cop in the title, who gets blown away by mega-villians, and gets his mind and parts of his body slapped into a muscular metal suit (he makes the 'six million dollar man' look like six cents!).

Law enforcement as we know it goes straight out the window as 'Robo' takes on the Los Angeles criminals. (It was actually given a sneak preview for the real L.A.P.D. and had them cheering in the aisles!).

His memory is erased, but it gradually returns and he sets out to get the gang that turned him into dog-food.

Weller's performance is outstanding, he injects just the right amount of pathos and emotion to make it look convincing (I dread to think how it would have looked had Big Arnie or Stallone been in the title role!). The main villain, Clarence, is excellently portrayed by Kurtwood Smith, a name to be added to the long list of great movie psycho's.

The direction, special effects and make-up are first class and combine to give the film a great comic-book style (It's a pity that 'Robo's' helmet looked very similar to the one worn by a certain Judge!).

Although 'Robocop' is a very violent film, I couldn't help

PART MAN,
PART MACHINE,
ALL COP.



ROBOCOP II

THE FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT.

CASTING BY...

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

feeling a little let down with the gore content (and I don't just mean the butchering by the U.K. censors), I'm sure that 'Robo' would have made more of a mess with his arrests! Maybe I'm trying to find a fault that isn't really there, because this is a great film and it rightly takes it's place in my top ten. (I'll buy that for a dollar!).

Let's hope that the proposed 'Judge Dredd' movie is as good - I have my doubts, but time will tell.

Anyone fancy a game of 'NUKE EM'!!

RJB.

SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT (1984)

Produced by Ira Richard Barmak, Directed by Charles E. Sellier Jr.

'Santa's watching, Santa's creeping....' goes one line of the theme tune to this notorious, widely banned, stalk and slash epic; the old boy hefts a wicked axe too, and to further quote that discernably irritating but catchy theme song, '....Christmas won't be fun and games for naughty girls and boys!' Christmas 1971 was no fun for four year old Billy, that's for sure. Firstly Grandpa scares the hell out of the unfortunate tot when Billy is taken to visit him in the Utah Mental Facility on Christmas Eve; 'You're scared ain't ya...?' hisses the vindictive old man, 'you should be - Christmas Eve is the scariest damn night of the year...'

Understandably troubled by his Grandpa's admonitions that if he sees Santa coming he had better run for his life, Billy is startled to see Father Christmas thumbing a ride in the middle of the icy Utah night. Startled, and scared.... 'Don't stop' he pleads, as his amused parents pull up by the beaming figure. Billy is right to be scared; this Santa just blasted a storekeeper to death and made off with the takings, muttering one of the film's funniest lines '31 bucks - merry fucking Christmas!'

Pretty soon the film's death toll has risen to three, as Santa shoots Billy's father and assaults and slashes his mother, whilst the terrified child watches from the bushes he has had the sense to flee to....His baby brother waits in the abandoned car as the camera roams over the scene of carnage and we jump forward several years to find the two children ensconced in a less than luxurious Catholic orphanage where a sadistic Mother Superior brutalizes and terrorises the already severely traumatized Billy, who does not feel too happy at the approach of the festive season. In one of the film's sleaziest sequences a fascinated Billy watches two of the older orphans copulate; his keyhole peeping is interrupted by the arrival of the Mother Superior who first flogs the unfortunate couple, and then Billy, after telling him that sex is 'very, very naughty' and that 'punishment is absolute, punishment is good'....mmm, well.... After the intensity of this opening third of the film the rest of the story is almost anticlimatic. The now 18 year old Billy, convincingly acted by Robert Wilson, is hired by a local shopkeeper and is made to dress up as the store Santa, and goes murderously insane. In quick succession he strangles, disembowels and hacks his way through the shopworkers after their Christmas Eve knees-up then moves out into the snowy night with a twisted smile on his face, as he seeks out 'naughty' people to 'punish' with his fire axe. The first one he finds is a bubble headed teen played by Linnea Quigley, who is, (yet again...), flaunting her nakedness with her boyfriend on a pool table; soon she is impaled on a handy set of deer antlers and her lover is hurled out of the window. In one of the most questionable scenes, the departing killer is mistaken for the 'real' Santa by the dead Quigley's kid sister, who then puzzles over why Father Christmas had given her a lethal craft knife as her present....Next up Billy decapitates a 'mean teen' as he sleds down a hill on his(stolen) sledge towards his friend who is waiting at the bottom of the slope; the friend's laughter turns to screams of horror as he sees a headless torso approaching, followed by a bouncing head.... Ho ho ho!

The next day, after eluding an incredibly inept Police Force, Billy heads on home to the orphanage, to settle a long standing score with Mother Superior. Before he gets there, director Sellier inserts another tasteless scene where kindly Father O'Brien, on his way to the annual Christmas party for the orphans, where he is set to do his Santa bit, is mistakenly gunned down in front of screaming children by an overenthusiastic cop, who later receives an axe in the stomach to even things up. Billy advances on the orphanage, stopping only to decapitate a snowman(!) with his blood-dripping axe, the scene is now set for the big showdown.

Billy moves in on Mother Superior, raising the axe as the horror-stricken children, including Billy's kid brother, look on. Shots ring out and a stricken Billy falls to the ground, dying; 'You're safe now...' he whispers to the token sympathetic nun as the camera passes over his blood spattered face, over the axe and up to the angry face of his brother; 'Naughty!' the little kid intones menacingly as the screen fades to black and the credits roll....

'Silent Night, Deadly Night' is a mean spirited film, and it's technical polish and adequate, if occasionally pedestrian direction cannot gloss over it's irate vindictiveness. The scenes involving children are frequently offensive and nearly always disturbing in their juxtaposition of innocence with violence and sexuality.

However, one cannot deny that the film is an effective piece of exploitation cinema, and the director makes good use of the trappings of Christmas to gaudily decorate his seasonal slaughterfest. Although 'Silent Night, Deadly Night' cannot possibly live up to it's (undeserved) notoriety it still packs the occasional punch. See it if you can. Merry Christmas!

NB.



JACK THE RIPPER (1988)

A Thames Television production, made by Euston Films, directed by David Wickes. Bleedin' 'orrible it was, Guv. I aint never seen nothin' like it in all me born days.

Jack the Ripper was the perpetrator of some pretty ghastly crimes in his day and one hundred years on it seems he's still at it; this time sullyng the otherwise impeccable reputation of Euston Films. The very same Euston Films that brought us such classic series as 'The Sweeney', 'Minder', 'Widows' and, the jewel in their crown, 'Reilly - Ace of Spies'. And now...this! Little things like artistic integrity or any basis in reality were sacrificed on the altar of international sales, producing a portrait of period England that was as about authentic as the 'London' plot at Disneyland (possibly where this was filmed!?).

Bloodless, brainless and clueless, it added absolutely nothing new to the Ripper mystery - well, he couldn't have been a 'video nasty' viewer so perhaps he was a 'lager lout'? - and even less to the reputations of those involved. By all accounts, the Whitechapel of the 1880's was a dirty, squalid place, barely fit for human habitation, but here, predictably, we were presented with a quaint olde worlde setting with not even a dog turd to soil the streets - perhaps the thinking was that you can't have an actor of Michael Caine's stature up to his ankles in excrement (pity nobody told him he'd be up to his neck in it long before the end).

The performances were as stale as the supposed atmosphere of 'terror stalking the streets', with Michael Caine as the hard drinking police inspector (Oh, spare us!) only adding weight to the theory that he is only as good as the script (ie. brilliant in 'Educating Rita' and mediocre here), while Lewis Collins, as his sidekick George, shuffled along behind him, looking uneasy and clearly awaiting the invention of the motorcar, so he could burn some rubber around the cobbled streets. Armand Assante (so good in 'I, the Jury') (over)acted wildly as 'the famous American actor' (and that's as close as he'll get if he insists on accepting parts like this). There wasn't really a female lead - well there couldn't be, due to the title characters penchant for cutting them up and removing their internal organs - but Jane Seymour, the top-billed female, smiled sweetly and did nothing, while Susan George, under a heavy disguise (and there's no truth in the rumour that this is a permanently affected disguise since she was seen supporting the Tory cause at the last general election), cackled away as prostitute Cathy Eddowes. At least Lysette Anthony, wasted in a minor role as another prostitute (and boy, was she 'wasted' when the Ripper got to her!), still managed to look lovely sans make-up (adding to the anticipation of her appearance sans clothing in a forthcoming 'Playboy'). But putting all of these in the shade was Jonathan Moore as the newshound Benjamin Bates, a character whose attitude and dialogue were so ludicrously 1980's tabloid that his every appearance reduced the

proceedings to pantomime. With all that butchered flesh about, ham was clearly the order of the day.

The one saving grace could have been the utilisation of this golden (and quite legitimate if the photo's of the actual victims are anything to go by) opportunity to indulge in some prime time T.V. mega-gore, but while there was lots of blood, and the occasional smattering of ketchup, the few glimpses we got of the corpses proved to be as bloodless as the anaemic script.

This production did manage to raise a few questions: Will any of those involved ever work again? (And what was a class actor like Ray McAnally doing mixed up with this drivel?) Did anybody bother to watch it right through to the end? And if so, why? But as for offering any new insights into the Ripper's identity, these were conspicuous only by their absence.

So there it is, a complete waste of time and money that, in the best tradition of 'King Kong' and 'Jaws', only managed to make the monster more appealing than those around him.

What? Who did they un-mask as the Ripper? Who cares....?

MAM.

PSYCHO III (1986)

'Psycho' is, as we all know, one of the classics of our genre (or any other for that matter) and 'Psycho II' was well directed and had some good moments, the best one being the 'shovel on the back of the head' - ouch! I felt that.

And now we have the third instalment, imaginatively titled.....'Psycho III' (I much preferred one title that was announced several years ago, 'The Return of Norman').

This time Anthony Perkins is in the director's chair as well as playing our favourite transvestite, Norman Bates. Although Perkins offers us a few good bits, such as the way he carries 'mother's' hand inside his jacket and the excellent ice (blood) cubes scene, we are not really given many new ideas to develop the saga (hopefully this will be the final part, and we must forget the 'Bates Motel' U.S. television series starring Bud Cort which was released here on video). The film borrows very heavily on the original, even copying some classic scenes down to a tee. But thrown in (apparently by the Producers) is the obligatory smatterings of eighties mudity and gore, just to keep in with the stalk and slash audience that this film is obviously aimed at. What the hell has happened to Norman's voice? - he sounds very 'different' to me.

As a director, Perkins has shown that he has an eye for the job (he's just directed another movie entitled 'Lucky Stiff' that touches on the subject of cannibalism), but he tries too hard to make Norman act like a loony, perhaps that wouldn't have happened had he not directed himself.

Diana Scarwid plays the part of Maureen, who gets booked into the infamous 'cabin no. 1' and in certain shots bears an uncanny resemblance to Marion Crane (Janet Leigh), which confuses old Norm no end!

My review probably makes it sound a lot worse than it is - after all, it's very hard to dislike a film that has Norman Bates getting the hots for a nun!!

Worth watching, but don't expect a classic.

RJB.

If you would like to contribute by writing a mini-review for this section, please send it in to the editorial address. It will then be passed to Eric Binford for his opinion. Any used will be paid for with a free issue of Fantasynopsis.

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Foetal AMBLYOPIA

by Michael Lancaster.

Unlike most people - whose nocturnal wanderings through that strange twilight wilderness that is the human subconscious are varied, diverse, and by far outweigh their corporeal adventures - Steve Brubecker's sleep seemed permanently locked onto three dreams, from which, try as he might, he could not escape.

Every night one of the dark triad would visit him until he awoke; sweating and trembling; to find that there were hours to be endured before dawn broke, and that further sleep was out of the question.

Tonight, in the cinema of his sleeping mind, it was dream number two - The Birthday Party.

As always there were seven people around the table, their expectant faces smudged by the shadows cast by the four flickering candles that seemed to act as compass points for the diabetically-sweet birthday cake that dominated the table.

As always it was only the cake that he could see clearly at first - the thick folds of chocolate icing pasted across it's surface and pitted with smarties and fruit gums like inlaid jewels from a toddler's vision of heaven - the rest of the room was blurred and fuzzy; which only served to give the cake an almost religious significance; it's stark lines against the poorly defined backdrop gave it portentous character; it seemed to be inescapable. The four candles were as threatening as the shadow of the gallows to a convicted murderer, as intimidating as the nails that were hammered into the flesh of Christ, as comminatory as the huge dome of smoke and dust that had bloomed over Hiroshima just seconds before the quiet city had turned into a fireball (and in his sleep his muscles tensed....) as inescapable as a sword of Damocles poised to fall, suspended by a single hair's breadth of cord.

In the dream Stephen knew all that was to come, and like a man who knows the very hour of his death but is unable to stop it, he could anticipate every action, every beat of his heart, every motion, every emotion, every nuance of spectral shadow; fighting against it all but unable to break the pattern that was already laid out so exactly before him, unable to change a damned thing.

"C'mon," he heard himself say, his treacherous dream-self seemingly oblivious to his real-self's struggle to remain silent, the voice sounding unlike his own; it was a caricature, just like the whole set-up, it exaggerated the screeches in his voice, the fingernails on blackboard quality that had always been there when he spoke, "C'mon Lance. Blow out the candles and make a wish!"

A tiny figure stood up on the periphery of his mind's eye, and a flood of cold terror swept through him; if only there was some way to stop it all before it went too far like the stupid sick joke it really was.

But of course there wasn't. Because already Lance was turning to face him, eyes wide with excitement. He was smiling as he puffed his cheeks out like a bull-frog, then he leaned forward and with concentration furrowing his brow he blew the candles out.

The shadows around the table clapped. A few cheers that sounded like they came from the depths of a bottomless pit, pierced the static crackle that always accompanied the dream, and Lance looked up, his face a portrait of

contentment, erufescent with pride; his eyes shining like two highly polished brass buttons. "Make a wish," someone whispered in a throaty growl, "Make a wish Lance." (no, no God no!) "I wish," Lance whispered, (no, I don't want to be here, wake up, oh Christ, wake up!) "I wish I was still alive," and Steve could see the dreadness that was creeping across the boy's face.

Steve's dream eyes were fixed on his son as the gun-metal-grey tumours burst and tore through the soft innocent skin, parting flesh and muscle as they mindlessly bulged their way to the surface. The tumours pulsed with their alien life, splitting Lance's cheeks, slipping black-cataract-contact lenses over his eyes.

"I wish you hadn't killed me, daddy," Lance growled, his breath rancid with decay, "now give me my birthday kiss."

As Steve watched, two dull-grey nodules of cancerous tissue burst free from Lance's lips, lips which smacked in a nightmare parody of a kiss.

"Daddy," the thing before him said, "Kiss me."

The unspeakable creature that had once been his son moved towards him, ready to do an unspeakable thing....

Steve jerked painfully awake, his head pounding, his mouth acid washed with fear.

The room swirled around him, a sickly blur, then stopped. As always it was before dawn; the L.E.D. clock flashed "4:27" at him as if it was an arcane message or a vengeful reproach. The damned clock didn't even so much as tick to reassure him that sure, he'd had a nightmare - but now he was awake and everything was fine.

The sheets were paper-mached to his body by cold sweat.

"Oh God," he groaned.

There had been a time when sleep had been easy, nightmare free, not some awful ordeal that had bordered on the unendurable.

There had been a time when Steve had experienced pleasant dreams - of flying, of beauty, of sexually pleasurable intensity. He had not been afraid to shut his eyes in those days; Margrette would be there beside him, warm and tranquil, her deep sleep an untroubled metronome of breath and R.E.M.'s.

She had been all the reassurance that he had needed.

Now she was gone, so were those days. His bed was a torture chamber that had no end, the waking day only afforded him a temporary reprieve which was haunted by the dread of the night to come.

He was a prisoner of the dreams, and the dreams were always hungry for his fear.

Lance had never reached age four, the dream was all fiction, Lance had never reached the age of anything. He had died at birth, the cancer diagnosed during Margrette's pregnancy had killed both wife and son.

The doctor's were all so dreadfully sorry, all so utterly sympathetic, but it didn't help. That pain would last forever.

He felt that hopeless lump in his throat that told him all the pain was still there, it was like trying to swallow a cold ball-bearing.

There was a cold draught coming from the window, it ran a forlorn tongue along the length of his body. He squeezed shut his eyes and called out Margrette's name.

Later she came to him.

It was still dark and the room was icy-cold, he could see his breath like a signature in the air before him.

Margrette was in her red dress, the low-cut one that clung to her body as tightly as a coat of paint. It showed off her glorious curves to the maximum, and Steve was seized by powerful emotions that he hadn't felt for so long. It was the dress that she had been wearing the first time he had met her at Naundecker's club, it was the dress that he had slowly pulled from her body before sinking into her arms.

She was sitting at the foot of the bed looking at him, head cocked slightly to one side.

She smiled. "Steve," she said, "How.....good it is to see you again."

"Margrette?"

"Yes lover," she gazed into his eyes, hazel eyes that laid bare his soul and for an instant the whole dream charade became so painfully clear to him

that he thought that his sanity would be forfeit until the realisation faded back into his subconscious, losing it's intensity in the eyes that stared....stared....stared.....

The obvious question forced itself out of his mouth, "But Margrette, how can you be here? You're....."

"Dead Steve?" Margrette faced the far wall and laughed, "Yes. Yes I am, aren't I?"

"How?"

"Some things just can't stay dead, some things just can't lay down to rot until they have set things right. I've come to do that little thing."

Steve sat up to prove to himself that he was awake and when he spoke his voice betrayed the terror that he was feeling.

"What little thing?" he asked, "I think we both know the answer to that one, don't we? I think we both know about dead souls and their commitments about murdered souls and their need to punish their murderers. Vengeance Steve, that's why I'm here. You killed me. I need to set the account straight."

"I didn't kill you!" Steve screamed, "You died giving birth."

"I think we both know that's not true, Steve. You killed me and the baby. The baby, Steve! It was four months old when the doctors said it would be born already dying. You remember? CANCER, Steve. The one thing you could never adopt into your model of the universe was killing our unborn child. You hated it for that, didn't you? Hated it. Hated me. Hated the disease."

"NO! IT'S NOT TRUE!"

"Your father died of cancer, didn't he? That's what made it all fester in your mind until you couldn't control it anymore."

"NO!"

"Until you killed us."

"NO!"

"The knife hurt, Steve. I thought you loved me, but the knife.....it showed me the extent of your love. I died as poor never-lived Lance dripped out from between my legs. Poor dying Lance, didn't get a decent birth, died a horrible death. But now we're dead we've changed we can do things, Steve. Incredible things. Let me show you. Come to me."

"NO! This is just a dream! I know! I remember. Dream three; Margrette. You can't hurt me because you're not real."

"Wake up then daddy." oozed a tiny voice to his immediate left; turning through air thick as gelatin he turned to see his son on the bed beside him.

It was about as large as a football if you counted the trailing placenta that was still securely bound to the foetus by the blue and rope of it's umbilicus. Tumours engulfed and eclipsed the flesh with malignant insurrection; the same tumours that the scan at the hospital had shown, only larger now; and the boy's flesh was bloated and distended beneath the scaly black carapace of his disease.

The boy - his son - was slick with blood. "You killed us," Lance growled, "Your turn!"

Steve awoke.

Why hadn't he seen that it was dream number two - mother and child? The knowledge that it WAS a dream had been missing and that had made it so alien and new, even though he had experienced it so many times before. Surely what his dream-wife had said could not be true, his family had died in the hospital - hadn't they? Sure his father had died of cancer but that couldn't have driven him to murder - no it was impossible. If he had done that then he would be in a prison cell, not here at home.

Suddenly he became aware of something else in the room, something that slid liquidly across the floor toward him, something that made awful sucking noises as Steve sat up, powerless to resist being drawn to the source of the sound.

It was dream number one, that was obvious, he had just to wait until the clammy dead hand touched his leg, then he would awake.

The sounds drew closer.

And then he knew, the whole thing was a dream; he wasn't at home - he was at the asylum where they had brought him - his conscience was punishing him for his crimes - the murders in this white room, this HOSPITAL room. He'd been thinking for too long, he knew this when Lance's tiny slay,

cancerous hand touched his bare calf.
Now he would wake up for this was a dream.
But he didn't, because it wasn't.
The clammy hand moved upwards.....



*Calling All
Cinephiles*



WANTS YOU!

PART ONE

Living in Birmingham, I first learned of the Scala in March of 1979, when I picked up a programme of theirs at a local Art Cinema. The Scala was then at 25 Tottenham St., London. I was amazed at the wide range of films on show - a different double or triple bill every day, all-night shows every Saturday night! I knew at some later date I would have to make the trip down.....

The Scala moved in the early eightie's to where it is today, at 275-277 Pentonville Road, Kings Cross, London. They have shown some excellent films, many of interest to fantasy fans. I made my first visit to the Scala in late '82 to see Polanski's 'The Tenant'. A long way to travel to see a film you may think, but to a true cinephile it's just a stone's throw. After this first visit I was hooked and have been going down quite regularly since then.

My listings start at 1983 and work up through the months and years to the present day, noting the films which are of interest to genre fans. So here we go.....

JAN. 1983

Saturday 1st: We had a sneak preview of four new horror films, EVILSPEAK, BASKET CASE, VIRUS and THE EVIL DEAD, yeah!

Wednesday 5th: Polanski double, REPULSION and CUL-DE-SAC.

Thursday 6th: Black & White Horror Classics, ERASERHEAD and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

Saturday 8th: Turkey foursome, RED NIGHTMARE, REEFER MADNESS, GLEN OR GLENDA and TEST TUBE BABIES.

Sunday 9th: Cocteau Triple, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, ORPHEE and TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE.

Saturday 15th: DON'T LOOK NOW and PERFORMANCE.

Wednesday 19th: Another Polanski double, CHINATOWN and THE TENANT.

Friday 21st: PRIVATE PARTS and RICHARD FRYOR LIVE IN CONCERT, quite an interesting double?

Saturday 22nd: Four PRISONER episodes, ARRIVAL, A B & C, THE SCHIZOID MAN and DANCE OF THE DEAD.

Sunday 23rd: Four more PRISONER episodes: HAMMER INTO ANVIL, FALL OUT, A CHANGE OF MIND and LIVING IN HARMONY.

Wednesday 26th: Yet another Polanski double, WHAT? and KNIFE IN THE WATER.

Thursday 27th: YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN and THE ELEPHANT MAN.

Friday 28th: Herzog's NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE and Fellini's CASANOVA.

Sunday 30th: UN CHIEN ANDALOU, SIMON OF THE DESERT and THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL.

FEB. 1983

Friday 4th: ERASERHEAD and THE HONEY-MOON KILLERS.

Tuesday 8th: THE TIN DRUM and FREAKS.

Saturday 12th: HORROR & SF TRAILERS. Trailer Madness! Over 100 SF and horror trailers lasting 3 hours!

Saturday 12th: All-Night Anti Nuke, DR STRANGELOVE, FAILSAFE, CHINA SYNDROME, THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN and THE WAR GAME.

Friday 25th: PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, GLEN OR GLENDA and WILD WOMEN OF WONGO.

Monday 28th: REVENGE OF THE CREATURE (in 3D), I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE and THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.

MAR. 1983

Thursday 3rd: Turkey Triple, TEST TUBE BABIES, TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE and ROBOT MONSTER.

Sunday 6th: 2001 : A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Monday 7th: NOSFERATU and CASANOVA.

Thursday 17th: PEEPING TOM and THE COLLECTOR.

Sunday 20th: Bunsel Triple, DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID, UN CHIEN ANDALOU and THE MILKY WAY.

Thursday 24th: THE TIN DRUM and FREAKS.

Saturday 26th: THE LOVELESS and ERASERHEAD.

APR. 1983

Friday 1st: Popeye Day, POPEYE CARTOONS and POPEYE.

Monday 4th: Another Popeye Day, POPEYE CARTOONS and POPEYE.

Wednesday 13th: PHANTASM and POLYESTER.

Friday 15th: Nic Roeg Double, THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH and PERFORMANCE.

Saturday 16th: Back by popular demand! THE GREAT HORROR & SF TRAILER SHOW.

Thursday 21st: METROPOLIS, The original NOSFERATU and THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI.

Saturday 23rd: Golden Turkey Triple, TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE, PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE and WILD WOMEN OF WONGO.

Sunday 24th: Cocteau Triple, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, ORPHEE and TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE.

Friday 29th: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW and YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN.

MAY. 1983

Thursday 5th: BAD TIMING and THE SHOUT.

Thursday 12th: TAXI DRIVER and MEAN STREETS.

Saturday 14th: Triple Anti Nukes, THE ATOMIC CAFE, THE WAR GAME and NO NUKES THE MOVIE.

Saturday 21st: 2 great cult movies, 2 great haircuts. Double Bill! THE LOVELESS and ERASERHEAD.

Saturday 21st: All Night Horror, ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS, MARTIN, THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE, HALLOWEEN (the un-cut version) and BLOOD BEACH.

Monday 23rd: Ingmar Bergman Double, SHAME and HOUR OF THE WOLF.

Wednesday 25th: THE TIN DRUM and FREAKS.

JUN. 1983

Saturday 4th: All-Night Horror with CAT O' NINE TAILS, FRIDAY 13TH, BLUE SUNSHINE, SUSPIRIA and IT'S ALIVE.

Wednesday 8th: Klaus Kinski/Warner Herzog Double, NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE and AGUIRRE WRATH OF GOD.

Friday 10th: POINT BLANK and FAHRENHEIT 451.

Saturday 11th: All-Night Vincent Price/Camp Horror, ABOMINABLE DR PHIBES, THE RAVEN, SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN, PIT AND THE PENDULUM and DR PHIBES RISES AGAIN.

Friday 17th: EXCALIBUR and PERFORMANCE.

Sunday 19th: VAMPIRE, BLUE ANGEL and PANDORA'S BOX.

Wednesday 22nd: Hitchcock double, THE BIRDS and PSYCHO.

Friday 24th: Boorman/Roeg Double, THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH and DELIVERANCE.

Saturday 25th: WTVA Presents Four Classic Episodes of THE AVENGERS, THE TOWN OF NO RETURN, A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE, A SENSE OF HISTORY and THE HOUR THAT NEVER WAS, starring Diana Rigg and Patrick McNee.

JUL. 1983

Golden Turkey Awards! Tuesday 5th - Friday 8th.

Tuesday 5th: PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, THEY SAVED HITLER'S BRAIN and SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS.

Wednesday 6th: CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON, WILD WOMEN OF WONGO and MARS NEEDS WOMEN.

Thursday 7th: GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER and THE THING WITH TWO HEADS.

Friday 8th: CREEPING TERROR, ROBOT MONSTER, TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE and GLEN OR GLENDA.

Thursday 14th: POLYESTER and EATING RAOUL.

Friday 15th: IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (in 3D) and John Carpenter's THE THING.

Friday 22nd: CAT PEOPLE and CARRIE.

Wednesday 27th: George Romero Double Bill, CREEPSHOW and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

Saturday 30th: All-Night Japanese Monster Movies, ATRAGON, FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD, DESTROY ALL MONSTERS, GODZILLA VS THE SMOG MONSTER and GODZILLA VS THE COSMIC MONSTER.

Sunday 31st: Cocteau Triple, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, ORPHEE and TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE.

AUG. 1983

Tuesday 2nd: Frits Lang double, METROPOLIS and M.

Thursday 4th: Coppolla Double, DEMENTIA 13 and YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Tuesday 9th: NOSFERATU (1922) and THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI.

Saturday 14th: ERASERHEAD and SUBWAY RIDERS.

Saturday 13th: All-Night Witchcave, NIGHT OF THE DEMON, WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES, BLACK SUNDAY, FAUST and SUSPIRIA.

Tuesday 16th: VAMPIR and BLUE ANGEL.

Saturday 20th: Special sneak preview of BIG MEAT EATER and the British premiere of GEEK MAGGOT BINGO.

Saturday 20th: All-Night Blood, Guts and Gore! BLOOD BEACH, ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS, HALLOWEEN, MARTIN and THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE.

Friday 26th: TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES and NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE.

Saturday 27th: Unleash this Double Bill! EQUINOX and THE EVIL DEAD.

Tuesday 30th: THE GOLEM and WARNING SHADOWS.

Wednesday 31st: A rare Turkey Triple, voted The Three Worst Movies of All Time! THEY SAVED HITLER'S BRAIN, MARS NEEDS WOMEN and CREEPING TERROR.

SEP. 1983

Not much on show this month!

Friday 16th: THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH and JUST A GIGOLO.

Saturday 24th: Warhol Double, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and BLOOD FOR DRACULA.

OCT. 1983

Saturday 1st: All-Night Not of This Earth, WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON in 3D, I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE and TARANULA.

Thursday 13th: BLOW OUT and PEEPING TOM.

Friday 14th: Another Golden Turkey Triple, EGGAN!, MARS NEEDS WOMEN and PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE.

Saturday 15th: Beam me up Scala!! STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE, STAR TREK II THE WRATH OF KHAN, and a special screening of a Star Trek Episode and The Best of Star Trek Bloopers.

Tuesday 16th: THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI, METROPOLIS and M.

Friday 21st: DON'T LOOK NOW and McCABE & MRS MILLER.

Friday 28th: ERASERHEAD and A French Horror Classic of the 50's?

Saturday 29th: Roger Corman Triple, LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, BUCKET OF BLOOD and THE WASP WOMAN.

Saturday 29th: All-Night Ravaged and Savaged! XTRO, THE HILLS HAVE EYES, POSSESSION, SCANNERS and DERANGED.

Monday 31st: NOSFERATU, VAMPIR and FAUST.

NOV. 1983

Saturday 12th: David Cronenberg Retro Takes You From Stereo to Video, STEREO, CRIMES OF THE FUTURE, SHIVERS, RABID, THE BROOD, SCANNERS and VIDEODROME.

Saturday 19th: Leather for Ever! MAD MAX and MAD MAX 2.

Tuesday 22nd: Cocteau Triple, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, ORPHEE and LE TESTAMENT.

DEC. 1983

Saturday 10th: All-Night Jamie Lee Curtis Scream Queen of the 70's, TERROR TRAIN, HALLOWEEN, THE FOG, FROM NIGHT and ROAD GAMES.

Wednesday 14th: The Worlds Biggest Sensation, ATTACK OF THE 50FT WOMAN and POLYESTER.

Monday 19th: THE DEVILS and CALIGULA.

Wednesday 21st: BLADE RUNNER and THE WARRIORS.

Thursday 22nd: M, THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI and NOSFERATU.

Wednesday 28th: Post Christmas Video Nasties, XTRO, THE EVIL DEAD, THE HILLS HAVE EYES and BASKET CASE. They may be banned on video but not on the Scala screen!

THIEF
WARRIOR
GLADIATOR
KING



CONAN
THE
BARBARIAN
AA

SANDRINE BERGMAN BEN DAVISON
CASSANDRA GAVELA LARRY LORLE
FRANK MALLER QUINN LARSEN
WILLIAM SMITH
PRAE VON SYDNEY
KAREN PHELPS and OLIVER STONE
BASIL PLEDEKOUR
D CONSTANTINE CORTE
EDWARD A. FREESMAN
EDWARD L. SUPPER
RICK FETTSWORTH
RAFFAELLA DE LAURENTIS
KAREN PHELPS

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION
ARNOLD KOPELSON PRODUCES
ARNOLD KOPELSON DIRECTS
JAMES EARL RAY WRITES
JAMES EARL RAY

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
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ARNOLD KOPELSON PRODUCES
ARNOLD KOPELSON DIRECTS
JAMES EARL RAY WRITES
JAMES EARL RAY

Friday 25th: KING BLANK, ERASERHEAD and THE HONEYMOON KILLERS.
 Tuesday 29th: Corman Triple: BUCKET OF BLOOD, LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS and THE WASP WOMAN.

JUN. 1984

It's Too Darn Hot In June!

Saturday 9th: Hotter Than Hell, Dario Argento Retrospect, FOUR FLIES ON GREY VELVET, CAT O'NINE TAILS, SUSPIRIA, INFERNO and TENEBRAE.

Friday 15th: On heat with CAT PEOPLE and AMERICAN GIGOLO.

Saturday 16th: THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN and STRANGE INVADERS.

Friday 22nd: Flaming Furnaces! THE DEVILS and ALTERED STATES.

JUL. 1984

Sunday 1st: DESTINY, METROPOLIS and THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI.

Friday 6th: LIQUID SKY and THE HUNGER.

Tuesday 10th: Nuclear Madness Triple Bill! DR STRANGELOVE, ATOMIC CAPE and RED NIGHTMARE.

Friday 13th: If THE LIFT doesn't get you, CHRISTINE will!

Saturday 14th: All-Day/All-Night! So shocking it will sliver Bright's liver, COLOUR ME BLOOD RED, MOTEL HELL, HUMANOIDS FROM THE DEEP, VIDEODROME, FORBIDDEN WORLD, SQUIRM, THE EVIL DEAD, THE FUNHOUSE, HE KNOWS YOU'RE ALONE and FRIDAY THE 13TH PART III.

Saturday 21st: At last the cult classic ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE, I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE and BIG MEAT EATER.

Sunday 22nd: SF Double, SOLARIS and THE TIN DRUM.

Saturday 28th: THE TWILIGHT ZONE and HALLOWEEN III plus a sneak preview of BLOOD SIMPLE.

AUG. 1984

Thursday 2nd: IF and PINK FLOYD THE WALL.

Friday 3rd: STRANGE INVADERS and CREEPSHOW.

Saturday 4th: Modern Horror Bill, COMMUNION, BLUE SUNSHINE, RABID and IT'S ALIVE.

Saturday 18th: Corman Triple Bill, THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES, ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS and NOT OF THIS EARTH.

Thursday 24th: Anthony Perkins Triple Bill, THE TRIAL, PRETTY POISON and PSYCHO II.

Saturday 26th: Special sneak preview of Neil Jordan's THE COMPANY OF WOLVES.

Friday 31st: BRAINSTORM and VIDEODROME.

SEP. 1984

Friday 7th: FORBIDDEN WORLD, ANDROID and THE RED GALAXY FILMS.

Saturday 8th: The World of Gods and Monsters - The Films of Larry Cohen, DIAL RAT FOR TERROR, THE GODFATHER OF HARLEM, IT'S ALIVE, DEMON, PRIVATE FILES OF J EDGAR HOOVER, IT'S ALIVE AGAIN and Q THE WINGED SERPENT.

Saturday 29th: LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, THE HONEYMOON KILLERS and EATING RAOUL.

OCT. 1984

Wednesday 4th: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, ORPHEE and TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE.

Thursday 11th: IT CONQUERED THE WORLD, THE PROJECTED MAN, FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER and QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE.

Saturday 13th: Here we go again, with the attack of the not so Bright Bill, All-Day/All-Night Horror, HOUSE OF EVIL, JUST BEFORE DAWN, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN, SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE, ZOMBIES-DAWN OF THE DEAD, TENEBRAE, SILENT SCREAM, THE TOOL BOX MURDERS and ALONE IN THE DARK.

Sunday 14th: METROPOLIS, DESTINY and THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI.

Friday 19th: I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN, ERASERHEAD and DEMENTIA.

Saturday 27th: Andy Warhol's BAD with GEEK MAGGOT BINGO and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.

Saturday 27th: All-Night Werewolves, THE HOWLING, I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF, YANKIE LYCANTHROPE IN THE SMOKE, THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON and WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS.

NOV. 1984

Friday 16th: PRETTY POISON and THE BAD SEED.

Monday 18th: DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS and VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS.

Thursday 29th: THE TIN DRUM and PRKAKS.

DEC. 1984

Sunday 2nd: METROPOLIS, DESTINY and THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI.

Sunday 9th: THE WIZARD OF OZ and THE FIVE-THOUSAND FINGERS OF DR T.

Friday 14th: CAT PEOPLE and THE HUNGER.

Saturday 15th: THE COMPANY OF WOLVES and BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

JAN. 1985

Tuesday 1st: What a way to start off New Years Day with a New Years Special Horror Previews! TERROR IN THE AISLES, DEATH WARMED UP, THE HILLS HAVE EYES PART 2 and RAZORBACK.

Friday 11th: Stephen King Triple, CHILDREN OF THE CORN, FIRESTARTER and THE DEAD ZONE.

Saturday 12th: All-Night David Cronenberg, SHIVERS, RABID, THE BROOD, VIDEODROME and THE DEAD ZONE.

Thursday 17th: THE DEVILS and THE WICKER MAN.

Friday 25th - Thursday 31st: Abel Ferrara's DRILLER KILLER and Ms 45 ANGEL OF VENGEANCE.

Sunday 27th: Polanski Double Bill, REPULSION and MACBETH.

FEB. 1985

Thursday 7th: THE TENANT and THE TIN DRUM.

Saturday 9th: Wes Craven Triple, SUMMER OF FEAR, THE HILLS HAVE EYES and A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST.

Tuesday 12th: Hitchcock Double, THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH and THE BIRDS.

Thursday 14th: Vampire Double Bill, THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE and DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS.

Saturday 16th: A Truly Historic Event! A Fistful of Gore, All-Day/All-Night Italian Splatter Movies! BLOOD AND BLACK LACE, ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS, EATEN ALIVE, THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE, THE BEYOND, SHOCK, INFERNO, HOUSE BY THE CEMETARY, BLACK SUNDAY and RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD.

Thursday 21st: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW and THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL.

MAR. 1985

Saturday 2nd: Mad Artist Triple, A BUCKET OF BLOOD, COLOUR ME BLOOD RED and DRILLER KILLER.

Saturday 2nd: All-Night Horror, THE EXORCIST, SUSPIRIA, HALLOWEEN III SEASON OF THE WITCH, FRIDAY THE 13TH and BLACK CHRISTMAS.

Wednesday 20th: Borowozzyk's DR JEKYLL and TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES.

Friday 29th: THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET and LIQUID SKY.

Saturday 30th: All-Night Roman Polanski, DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES, CHINATOWN, THE TENANT and ROSEMARY'S BABY.

APR. 1985

Tuesday 2nd: Murderous Triple Bill, 10 RILLINGTON PLACE, YIELD OF THE NIGHT and THE HONEYMOON KILLERS.

Saturday 6th: Star Trek Triple, STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE, STAR TREK II THE WRATH OF KHAN and STAR TREK III THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK.

Thursday 11th: POLTERGEIST and THE THING.

Friday 12th: THE BOSTON STRANGLER, TOUCH OF EVIL and TERROR TRAIN.

Sunday 14th: A rare screening of two David Lynch shorts, THE ALPHABET and GRANDMOTHER + ERASERHEAD.

Tuesday 16th: Psycho Double Bill, NIGHT OF THE HUNTER and M.

Thursday 18th: Horror Triple Bill, MARTIN, DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS and LETS SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH.

Friday 19th: NOSFERATU and CAT PEOPLE.

Saturday 20th: Here we go again with yet another All-Day-All-Nighter. This time it's Nightmare Movie Extravaganza, THE EVICTORS, HORROR HOSPITAL, DRILLER KILLER, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, ZOMBIES DAWN OF THE DEAD, THE CORPSE GRINDERS, THE EVIL DEAD, WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS, SHIVERS and DEAD AND BURIED.

Thursday 25th: PSYCHO II and ROSEMARY'S BABY.

Saturday 27th: SF Triple, BIG MEAT EATER, STRANGE INVADERS and SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN.

MAY. 1985

Wednesday 1st: METROPOLIS, DESTINY and THE CABINET OF DR CALIGARI.

Thursday 2nd: MACBETH and SUSPIRIA.

Friday 3rd: REPO MAN and STRANGER THAN PARADISE.

Saturday 4th: Italian Horror Triple, BLACK SUNDAY, THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE and EYE OF THE EVIL DEAD.

Thursday 9th: Udo Kier Double, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and BLOOD FOR DRACULA.

Friday 10th: CONAN THE DESTROYER and STREETS OF FIRE.



Saturday 11th: All-Day/All-Night Nightmare Movies, HOUSE OF EVIL, THE HOUSE ON SORORITY ROW, ISLAND OF MUTATIONS, FRIGHTMARE, VIDEODROME, DEATH LINE, THE BOGEY MAN, TERROR OF THE LIVING DEAD, DEATH IS CHILD'S PLAY (WOULD YOU KILL A CHILD?), THE SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE and BASKET CASE.

Thursday 16th: THE DEVILS and THE FOURTH MAN.

Saturday 18th: All-Night John Carpenter, CHRISTINE, THE THING, ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK, THE FOG and DARK STAR.

JUN. 1985

Sunday 2nd: BLOOD FOR DR JEKYLL and THE BEAST.

Tuesday 4th: Ms 45 ANGEL OF VENGEANCE and Warhol's BAD.

Wednesday 5th: VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS and THE COMPANY OF WOLVES.

Saturday 8th: All-Night Wild Women, ATTACK OF THE 50FT WOMAN, GUN GIRLS, BLONDE SAVAGE, THE WILD WOMEN OF WONGO and WHITE SLAVES.

JUL. 1985

Tuesday 16th: SF Double Bill, TRANCERS and BLADE RUNNER.

Saturday 20th: Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the Scala...

All-Day/All-Night, Horror & Terror Beyond Belief, FRIDAY THE 13TH, MOTEL HELL, IT'S ALIVE, THE FUNHOUSE, THE EXORCIST, FRIDAY THE 13TH PART IV THE FINAL CHAPTER, HUMANOIDS FROM THE DEEP, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME and THE THING.

Saturday 27th: REPO MAN and BLOOD SIMPLE.

AUG. 1985

Friday 2nd: BLOOD OF DR JEKYLL and DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS.

Saturday 3rd: Fantasy Double, BRAZIL and BARBARELLA.

Wednesday 14th: WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES, NOSFERATU and VAMPIRE.

Friday 16th: CHOUILLIES and NIGHT OF THE COMET.

Saturday 17th: GREMLINS and TEX AVERY-KING OF CARTOONS.

Saturday 17th: All-Night Monsters and Mayhem, GREMLINS, BUCKET OF BLOOD, BLADE RUNNER, NIGHT OF THE COMET and CHOUILLIES.

Saturday 24th & Monday 26th: SPLASH and SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES.

Tuesday 27th: THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES, I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE and I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE.

Thursday 29th: Harry Dean Stanton Double, PARIS TEXAS and REPO MAN.

Friday 30th: THE TERMINATOR and ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK.

Saturday 31st: All-Night Urban Terror! THE TERMINATOR, ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13, DEATH LINE, TRANCERS and ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK.

SEP. 1985

Tuesday 3rd: Roeg in Retrospect, BAD TIMING and DON'T LOOK NOW.

Saturday 7th: Orwell Double, 1984 and ANIMAL HOUSE.

Saturday 7th: All-Night David Cronenberg, VIDEODROME, RABID, THE BROOD, SHIVERS and THE DEAD ZONE.

Tuesday 10th: Roeg in Retrospect, PERFORMANCE and THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH.

Saturday 14th: ALIEN and BRAZIL.

Saturday 21st: Robot Rebels, BLADE RUNNER and RUNAWAY.

Thursday 26th: Crazy Ken Russell Double, THE DEVILS and ALTERED STATES.

Saturday 28th: A Deadly Day of De Palma, OBSESSION, CARRIE, BLOOD SISTERS, BLOW OUT and DRESSED TO KILL.

OCT. 1985

Tuesday 1st: NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE and Fellini's CASANOVA.

Thursday 3rd: Aliens on Earth Double, STARMAN and THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

Friday 4th: HAROLD & MAUDE and ROSEMARY'S BABY.

Saturday 5th: The Seedy Side of L.A., SUBURBIA and REPO MAN.

Saturday 5th: All-Night Urban Destruction, BLADE RUNNER, THE TERMINATOR, RAZORBACK, ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK and STARMAN.

Sunday 6th: Tripping in Space Double, 2010 and BARBARELLA.

Wednesday 9th: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEE and ORPHEE.

Saturday 19th: Dario Argento Retrospect culminating in a sneak preview of his latest PHENOMENA, THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE, SUSPIRIA, INFERNO, TENEBRAE.

Friday 24th: THE ELEMENT OF CRIME, ERASERHEAD and two David Lynch Shorts THE ALPHABET and THE GRANDMOTHER.

Saturday 26th: Pre-Halloween Horror Special All-Night Revolting Romero, ZOMBIES DAWN OF THE DEAD, CREEPSHOW, MARTIN, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and THE CRAZIES.



Friday 1st & Saturday 2nd: LES DIABOLIQUES and ZERO DE CONDUITE.

Monday 4th - Thursday 7th: LES DIABOLIQUES and EYES WITHOUT A FACE.

Saturday 9th: DUNE and John Carpenter's THE THING.

Monday 11th: Voyeurs Visions, BODY DOUBLE and PEEPING TOM.

Thursday 14th: The World According To Schrader, CAT PEOPLE, BLUE COLLAR and AMERICAN GIGOLO.

Friday 15th: Pigs and Robots Revolt. BLADE RUNNER and RAZORBACK.

Thursday 21st: The World According To Schrader Part II, THE YAKUZA, TAXI DRIVER and THE HARDCORE LIFE.

Monday 25th: BLOOD OF DR JEKYLL and BLOOD FOR DRACULA.

Tuesday 26th: Hitchcock/Jimmy Stewart Triple, ROPE, VERTIGO and REAR WINDOW.

DEC. 1985

Dec. 1954
Saturday 7th: THE TENANT and BRAZIL.

Saturday 7th: All-Night Monsters and Mayhem, BLADE RUNNER, GREMLINS, CHRISTINE, THE EXORCIST and STRANGE INVADERS.

Wednesday 11th: BLOOD OF A POET. ORPHKEE and BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Saturday 14th: GHOSTBUSTERS and 1941.

Wednesday 18th: LES DIABOLIQUES and LIFT TO THE SCAFFOLD.

Thursday 19th: THE HONEYMOON KILLERS and A KISS BEFORE DYING.

Sunday 22nd: IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE and GREMLINS

Friday 27th: SPLASH and SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES.

Saturday 28th: Horror Beyond Your Wildest Dreams, THE EVIL DEAD and A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.

SK.

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Barbara Shelley



Before the likes of Caroline Munro, Ingrid Pitt and Veronica Carlson, Hammer Films helped introduce another lovely lady to fantasy film fans, a lady whose acting talent and elegant beauty soon established her as 'Britain's first lady of horror'.

Born in Harrow on Feb. 13th 1933, Barbara Kowin was educated at a Catholic convent school, where at the age of thirteen, after seeing a production put on at the school, she was bitten by the acting bug. She first found employment, though, as a freelance model and although highly successful - she graced the cover of many top fashion magazines like 'Vogue' and 'Vanity Fair' - this success worked against her acting ambitions, with film companies telling her she was 'too well known'!

However, a change of location (to Italy) and surname (to Shelley via Martin) did the trick and in her four years in Italy she appeared in around ten films.

Returning to England, where she was now in demand, she made her English-language film

debut in 'Cat Girl'(1957) - initiating a ten year association with fantasy films - and her Hammer debut followed a year later in 'The Camp On Blood Island'.

Various film roles followed, mainly fantasy, including 'Blood Of The Vampire'(1958), 'Village Of The Damned'(1960) and 'Shadow Of The Cat'(1961).

Inevitably, Hollywood beckoned and she spent all of 1963 there, along with six months from each of the following three years, working on television series like 'The Man From UNCLE', 'The Wackiest Ship In The Army', 'Hazel', 'The Donna Reed Show', '12 O'clock High' and 'The Farmer's Daughter'.

This was also the time of her golden years at Hammer and during this period she starred in 'The Gorgon'(1964), 'The Secret Of Blood Island'(1964), 'Dracula - Prince Of Darkness'(1966), 'Rasputin The Mad Monk'(1966) and 'Quatermass And The Pit'(1967).

Then, perhaps fearing that too close an association with Hammer could prove as frustratingly limiting as modelling, she took the bold step of severing her links with the company to concentrate on theatre and television work. In retrospect, perhaps it wasn't such a bold move, as her subsequent work gave more than ample proof that she was simply too talented to be confined to any one genre or sphere of acting. This work included two years with the RSC (1975-76), extensive touring of England in plays like 'The Grass Is Greener'(with Richard Todd) and 'A Murder Is Announced'(with Dulcie Gray), as well as T.V. programmes like 'People Like Us', 'Tycoon' and, more recently, the HTV international co-production of 'Maigret'(as Louise Maigret).

Still busy, she recently finished working on 'Dark Angel', from Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu's book 'Uncle Silas', for the BBC.

Clearly Ms. Shelley's split with our favourite genre was an amicable one as she had no hesitation in sharing with us her ten favourite fantasy films (along with succinct comments on what makes these her faves and even an extra snippet of behind-the-scenes info in one case).

BARBARA SHELLEY'S TOP TEN FAVOURITE FANTASY FILMS

- (1) 'E.T. THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL' (1982)
"Script, performances, subject matter, special effects - in fact an all round marvellously entertaining film."
- (2) 'STAR WARS' (1977)
"Marvellous special effects."
- (3) 'VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED' (1960)
"Lack of special effects! i.e. effects relying only on the natural effects - in this case, semi-identical children with strange powers. Originally, the version shown in England had no 'staring and/or glowing' eye effects; this was added for the U.S.A. version only."
- (4) 'FANTASTIC VOYAGE' (1966)
"Again, special effects; with their interesting portrayal of the workings of the human body."
- (5) 'THE UNINVITED' (1944)
"With hardly any special effects, this is one of the most convincing ghost stories ever made."
- (6) 'INNERSPACE' (1987)
"A very entertaining and well made example of the genre."
- (7) 'GREYSTOKE : THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES' (1984)
"At last, a convincing telling of the great 'Tarzan' story."
- (8) 'SUPERMAN' (1978)
"Special effects."
- (9) 'POLTERGEIST' (1982)
"Well made, interesting story, good performances and imaginative effects."
- (10) 'RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK' (1981)
"Great entertainment value."

From Barbara Shelley
Best wishes for your magazine enterprise!

(Editor's note; We would like to thank Barbara Shelley for telling us about her favourite fantasy films. Of her ten, I go along with 'Village of the Damned' and 'Greystoke', both of them excellent. It's interesting to note that Barbara prefers the non-gory way to view the internal organs, choosing 'Fantastic Voyage' and 'Innerspace' as two of her favourites.)

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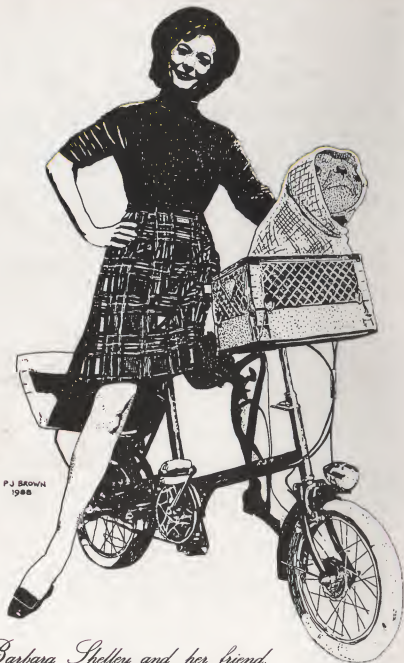
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JAGGER WANTED ROLE OF ALEX

1. It was the first film to be recorded in Dolby stereo.
2. The 'nadsat' language of Alex and his droogs is derived mainly from Russian.
3. When released in Japan, the nude scenes were shown out of focus due to their strict censorship.
4. Mick Jagger expressed an interest in playing the part of Alex as far back as 1964, but no film-makers would touch it at that time.
5. 'A Clockwork Orange' brought Kubrick the third of four consecutive 'Best Director' Oscar nominations - but he still hasn't won one! And despite another three nominations for writing, his only Oscar to date, remains the one he received for 'Special Effects' work on '2001 - A Space Odyssey'.
6. Alex's dream of himself as a decadent Roman Emperor came horribly true in 1980, when Malcolm McDowell took the lead role in the soft-porn epic 'Caligula'.
7. Paul Schrader based his 'Taxi Driver' screenplay on Arthur Bremer, who, after seeing 'A Clockwork Orange' tried to assassinate an American politician.
8. In 1972 'Harvard Lampoon' magazine awarded 'A Clockwork Orange' their annual 'Worst Film of the Year' award (designed to 'undermine the pretentiousness and sentimentality that mars much of Hollywood's output'). Kubrick's 'Barry Lyndon' repeated this dubious honour in 1976.
9. For the scene where Alex is spat at, Kubrick ordered 25 takes - because the saliva wasn't landing on the right part of his face!
10. Gillian Hills (Sonietta) is already assured a place in movie history as, along with Jane Birkin in Antonioni's 'Blow-Up' (1966), hers was the first pubic hair the censors deemed suitable for public exhibition in a mainstream English language film!
11. To enable Malcolm McDowell to breathe in the near-drowning scene, a stuntman had the brilliant idea of hiding an oxygen bottle under the water.
12. In searching for locations for the film, Kubrick purchased ten years of back-issues of three different architectural magazines, and with designer John Barry, spent two solid weeks wading through them, tearing out and filing anything that caught their interest.
13. The title of both book and film comes from an old cockney expression - 'As mad as a clockwork orange'. Writer Anthony Burgess heard it in a pub in 1945.
14. The film found little favour among feminists, who were outraged by the subject matter in general and the Korova Milk Bar statues in particular.
15. The film's poster art showed one of the Korova Milk Bar statues, not naked as in the movie, but wearing a bead bra!
16. Kubrick has recently allowed the film to be seen again - in Rome!
17. 'A Clockwork Orange' marked the film debut of actor/wrestler Pat Roach (glimpsed briefly in the Korova Milk Bar) who later found fame as 'Bomber' in ITV's 'Auf Wiedersehen, Pet' as well as appearing in such genre films as 'Raiders of the Lost Ark', 'Clash of the Titans', 'Never Say Never Again', 'Red Sonja', 'Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom' and the latest George Lucas production 'Willow'.
18. Other future TV stars who appeared in 'A Clockwork Orange' include Carol Drinkwater (Nurse Peelsey), later to find fame as (the original) Helen Herriot in the BBC's 'All Creatures Great and Small' and James Marcus (Georgie) seen recently as Station Officer Tate in ITV's 'London's Burning'.
19. Composer Walter Carlos, who provided the brilliant synthesized music for the film, is now known as Wendy Carlos, after his/her operation!
20. Rumour has it, that Channel 4 have the film in their vaults (along with 'Life of Brian') and were planning to show it in their 'What the Censor Saw' series, but decided not to for controversial reasons.

If you know of any other interesting facts about this film, drop us a line.



Barbara Shelley and her friend.

See pages 49 - 50 for details.